THE NEW ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

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VOLUME III. [NEW SERIES] NO. 2 AUGUST 194

Some of the Contents

COMMENTARY
Douglas Jerrold

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY PLANNING ACT, 1947
J. R. Smith-Saville

THE CANADIAN ELECTION
Major Gladstone Murray

BRITISH STATESMEN AT WAR
Sir Charles Petrie, Bt.

LIVING WITH ADOLESCENCE
G. F. Morton

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THE NEW ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

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THE VOLUME III. No. 2

NEW ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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THE
NEW ENGLISH REVIEW MAGAZINE

AUGUST COMMENTARY

"PEOPLE find satisfaction and stability in the ownership of property . . . By fostering the life of communities and the variety of property we shall strengthen the independence of the individual. Power must not be concentrated in the Government; it must be diffused throughout the whole democratic community."

"Experience abroad shows that, however democratic at heart some Socialist leaders may be, the creation of a Socialist State prepares the way for Communism. To attempt to disarm the Communists by doing peacefully and slowly the things which they want to do quickly and by force is appeasement in the worse sense of the word."

"We believe that free enterprise is necessary to ensure independence and efficiency, and that public organization of the social services is required in the interests of social justice."

"Under present conditions we cannot spend ourselves into prosperity. The one policy for Britain to-day is lower costs."

IT is right and timely that the Conservative party should have issued a Statement of Policy, and the policy now presented for the consideration of the next national conference of the party is likely to command general approval. The Conservative organization, unlike that of the Socialists, is essentially democratic, and if it is right that the leaders of the party should state in general terms the policy for which they stand, it is also right, and certainly intended, that this statement should be freely discussed, within the limits of the general precepts laid down, of which the most important, because the most fundamental, are those quoted at the head of these notes.

POWER always follows property, and, without secure and well-distributed property, there can be no freedom, no independence and no initiative. What gives vitality and dynamics to the greatest economy the world has ever known, that of the United States to-day, is the fact that there are 9.8 million individual enterprises in that great society—more than nine million places where an experiment may be authorized, a new method tried out, a new or different product made. In other words, more than nine million centres of initiative. No Socialist economy, in which all initiative is dependent on the grace and favour of a central authority, and in which almost the whole of the potential savings of the community are appropriated by the central government, either to subsidize consumption or for investment in non-productive enterprises, can ever be truly free, nor can its citizens be either happy or self-reliant. It is therefore the especial mission of the Conservative party to rebuild the truly free economy while maintaining the public organization of the social services. The free economy must in its working serve the interests of social justice as well as ensuring the freedom, the economic independence and the personal initiative and responsibility of the individual citizens.

THE task of rebuilding our economy—quite impossible by Socialist methods—will be difficult even for the most enlightened and enterprising government. It is to the great credit of the authors of the Statement of Policy that this point is clearly made, and that they have turned their backs firmly on the disastrous Keynesian legacy (which Lord Keynes would certainly himself repudiate to-day), the belief that we can spend ourselves into prosperity. To this end the Statement of Policy recommends a drastic reduction in government expenditure, the reform of taxation, the re-opening of the commodity markets, the progressive reduction of controls and a substantial increase in domestic food production based, *inter alia*, on an adequate supply of feeding stuffs.

THERE is need to consider here how far any really drastic reduction in government expenditure can be continuously effective without an equally drastic re-organization of the machinery of government. This is very long overdue. The present machinery of treasury control was devised for a wholly different world and is out of date to-day, while it is futile to imagine that the effective supervision of the activities of government departments, almost all of which are to-day spending departments, can be conducted at Cabinet level. A rational system of departmental organization as recommended by the Haldane Committee in 1918* will be essential, and, until it is undertaken, such absurdities of maladministration as are wasting literally millions of pounds a year under the National Health Service Act cannot be provided against.

It is not always realized how even the existing system of control of expenditure, inadequate and out of date as it is, has been weakened by the collapse of our currency and the consequent needs for exchange control, bilateral agreements and every other kind of *ad hoc* arrangement. In the old days of the

* Report of the Machinery of Government Committee, 1918, Cmd. 9230.

Gold Standard, the strictly financial departments of the Treasury were small and not unduly burdened, and the main task of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Financial Secretary to the Treasury was the control of public expenditure and the general supervision of the country's administrative system. What Chancellor of the Exchequer, struggling to keep his own and his country's head above water through successive financial crises, has time to-day to attend to Mr. Aneurin Bevan's eccentricities, and *a fortiori*, what Cabinet has time to examine them? No doubt, in the pressure of the times, any government will naturally shrink from the large task of re-organizing the central machinery of government. There will, however, be no effective control of government expenditure, because there can be none, without it. Now that the Party leaders have, rightly and wisely, come to the conclusion that sane administration and a great reduction of government expenditure are the keys to recovery, the sooner the Haldane report is brought out of its pigeon-hole and adapted to the contemporary needs, the sooner we shall get a firm footing on the road back to economical administration.

WE miss in the Statement of Policy any specific recognition of the plight of the middle classes. The party, it is suggested, is to pledge itself to re-examine the law and practice in regard to Income Tax, and to increase the tax concessions to parents. This is surely necessary, but there is a curious remark at the very beginning of the Statement of Policy as to the general trend over the last fifty years, towards the narrowing of disparities of wealth, which suggests that the real problem of the middle classes has not been fully considered. Indeed, it is strange (though perhaps unintended) to find on page twenty-five the members of the learned professions grouped with the small local trader! The chief social effect of modern taxation has been to make it far more difficult than ever before, if not actually impossible, to pass from one economic stratum of society to another, except, of course, in a downward direction. Black-coated labour is to-day far worse off than the artisan, and the professional classes have been wholly denied the right to save money. Only those whose occupation enables them to make capital profits can hope to-day, if they start without private means, to pass into the ranks even of the moderately well-to-do. This is wholly contrary alike to social justice and to the interests of the community. The middle classes, and in particular the members of the learned professions, have been, throughout history, the main defenders of liberty, because they have enjoyed the most secure economic independence. That is lost to them to-day, notably by the fatally ill-considered abolition of the distinction for surtax purposes between earned and unearned income. The Conservative party will be wise to consider this further.

THE proposals in regard to Management and Labour follow closely those in the Workers' Charter, but two important pledges are proposed—one to adopt "equal pay for equal work" and the other to restore "contracting in" for the political levy. The first proposal is certainly prudent if not, in the abstract, necessarily just: the second proposal is certainly just, if not necessarily prudent. The proposal to discuss and seek a friendly settlement of the political levy question and also of the closed shop with the Unions is interesting. Some counter-concessions are clearly contemplated but no hint is given as to their nature.

ALL supporters of free enterprise — although we much prefer the Canadian term, Responsible Enterprise—will welcome the Conservatives' clear statement on nationalization. We are promised de-nationalization of road haulage, and of certain ancillary activities of the Coal and Transport Boards, and partial de-nationalization of Civil Aviation. For the rest, regionalization is the machinery suggested for making the omelette

as appetizing as possible when it cannot be unscrambled. This section of the Statement of Policy will be, we believe, widely popular. The real hostility to the responsible enterprise system comes from syndicalists, on the one hand, and communists, on the other. We believe that state-capitalism of the kind favoured by Mr. Attlee and his colleagues has no genuine supporters whatever, except among a handful of ex-Fabians such as Mr. Attlee himself.

EQUALLY popular will be the proposal to guarantee stable prices to the market gardener and fruit grower who, as is pointed out, has to bear the same additional costs for wages and equipment as do the farmers. We have to grow a great deal more of our own food and must pay for it at a price which enables the farmer and market gardener to get the labour he requires. Does this add to the cost of living? The clear answer to this is in the negative. But for loans and gifts, the £ sterling would have to find its own value in the world's markets and the present nominal cost of foreign grown food would be seen to bear no relation at all to its real cost to the British consumer. The cost of living in any country is always determined by the amount of goods and services which the citizens are prepared to give in return for their wages. Nothing that any government can do can permanently reduce the cost of living to a figure below that level, but governments can easily, like the present government, raise it above that level by keeping hundreds of thousands out of productive industry in superfluous government employments, and by wasting the produce of those who remain genuine producers by extravagant housekeeping. It is this waste and extravagance which is the chief factor in making the workers uninterested in working longer hours. There is no adequate incentive and there will be none until a larger proportion of the fruits of their labour remains in their own hands and a smaller proportion finds its way into the hands of the tax collector.

AFTER the futile experiments in nationalization and bulk buying, the most spectacular failure of the present government has been in housing. The Conservative proposal to give priority to houses for the agricultural worker and to subsidize for this purpose local authorities and individual landowners will be welcomed, as also the decision to make greater use of private builders. Most important of all is the decision to bring house ownership within the reach of increasing numbers and to make possible the purchase of council houses. This is a fundamental reform giving expression to what is certainly the natural right of every citizen to buy his own house. We are glad to see the Conservative party at last explicitly claiming the credit for the creation of the social services and for their rapid extension. It is certain, as the Statement of Policy makes clear, that the financial burden of them can only be supported by a free-economy supported by the most careful and thrifty central administration. If the present Government were to be returned to power, England would be forced, and for an indefinite period, on to such a low standard of living that the social services would have to be curtailed very drastically. Even under the most skilful national housekeeping, and the fullest restoration of incentives, some lengthening of working hours, or, alternatively, the removal of restrictions on production, will be essential to maintain the serves at full efficiency. Administration can do a lot; proper incentives can do more; but nothing can alter the fact that the main remedy for our present empoverishment and complete dependence on gifts from the United States and the Commonwealth lies in the hands of the workers themselves. No useful purpose can be served by soft-pedalling this issue.

THE Consumer, or, as it is now more fashionable to call it, the Welfare State is an inherently dangerous conception. The chief incentive of all healthy societies has been the urge felt by every succeeding generation

to win for the next generation a better standard of life, and a wider range of opportunity, than they themselves have enjoyed. In the case of the individual, this has meant the constant effort of parents to give their children a better start in life and to acquire property, even if it be only a cottage, to hand on to them. In the larger sphere of industrial and agricultural economy, it has meant the almost sub-conscious but deeply realized conviction that the chief duty of each generation is to consume less than it produces, and to put more into the land than it takes out, so that each generation will start with a better capital equipment and thus with a guarantee of a slowly but steadily rising standard of life. In the sphere of government, it has meant that kind of instinctive good housekeeping which is determined always to ensure that capital is not spent as income, and that there is a great reserve of taxable wealth to enable the community to face the constant and unavoidable risks of war, civil disturbances, plague or famine.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, in his speech at Wolverhampton, plainly stressed the need to return at once to the conception of good housekeeping and the Statement of Policy pleads for this on almost every page. Wise and just government, however, can never be a substitute for the co-operative efforts of the whole body of citizens, considered as individuals. While the Conservative party may rightly take credit for the creation and development of the social services, they need to be careful — more careful, perhaps, than the Statement of Policy is—lest they appear to endorse the conception of the Welfare State as such, the conception, that is, that the chief aim of co-operative effort should be to maintain the highest possible level of ease, enjoyment and personal consumption. A society whose efforts and thoughts are concentrated to that end cannot endure. It will die of a moral anarchy fatal to public order and private virtue.

NEITHER can the issue be evaded, as so many eminent correspondents to *The Times* have recently sought to evade it, by urging that all parties in industry, capital, management and labour, have greatly erred in restricting production and in over-consumption. It is not true, and Mr. Attlee, in his new rôle of the earnest seeker after unpalatable truths, would do better to begin by denouncing that lie than by denouncing Mr. Winston Churchill for rating so highly the advantage which the whole community will surely reap from the substitution of a wise and prudent administration for the reckless and self-indulgent follies of Mr. Attlee's colleagues. The plain fact is that our present difficulties come from producing too little at too high a cost, and neither the one fault nor the other is attributable to capitalists or managers. The fault lies with labour and with the Labour government, and nowhere else.

For two whole generations labour has been taught by its leaders that the less they produce the better off they will be, and the more secure against unemployment, and that if they can get three men and a boy on to a machine which two men can operate safely, efficiently and without strain, they have struck a blow for their class.

IT is perfectly true that, five or six generations back, and to some extent right through the last century, there was, under the influence of the Manchester School of Liberalism, a very grave mal-distribution of wealth in this country. Nor would it be at all just to impute to the owners of capital or to the managers a greatly superior virtue. Virtue is a rare commodity in any class. It is necessary, however, to face facts, and it is not true that either the shareholders or the managers of to-day have any responsibility at all for under production or high costs. When plant is run down and out of date it is for one of three reasons, and usually all three are in operation. Firstly, the reserves which should be left in industry for the expansion and renewal of capital plant and equipment are

taken out of industry by the tax collector and treated as income by a spendthrift government. Secondly, for a great deal of the necessary plant, foreign exchange is required and is not available. Thirdly, it is not economically possible at the high current prices to buy and maintain new plant which is not going to be worked to anything approaching full capacity.

Always we are up against the same problem, that the consumption and the leisure of the producers must first be guaranteed and that the cost of the goods and the quantity produced must be determined not by the needs of the market but by the wishes of the workers. It is fashionable to say that this system will lead us to bankruptcy: it is at once more timely and more honest to say that it has already done so. We can become solvent again, and in a very short time, by working harder, but not otherwise.

ANOTHER fashionable escape from this issue is provided by the continuing wrangle on economic theory and practice and on monetary problems. Whatever the virtues, however, of bilateralism or multilateralism, of de-valuation or deflation or reflation, the problem which these rival systems of trade or currency management are designed to solve is the same old problem of a country which is consuming a great deal more than the value in the world's markets of the goods it produces, and which is yet obstinately determined neither to limit its consumption nor to increase its production. Given the determination to tackle the heart of the problem, it will be important to reach the right decisions as to our best course during the interim period, before our economy is again in balance. If, however the problem itself is left unsolved, the £ sterling will collapse when Marshall Aid comes to an end and even the little that we can afford to buy overseas to-day will become unobtainable.

THE Conservative party have been criticized in some quarters for undue optimism in their Statement of Policy. They were, however, profoundly right in not hinting at wage reductions or a reduction of the social service benefits as possible cures for our ills, because they are not. The underpayment of labour can provide no possible permanent solution for any problem. It simply does not accord with the nature of men and things in the world of to-day. The root problem is the productivity of British labour and it is that which will be reflected in whatever the value of the £ sterling in a free market may prove to be when the time comes, as come it must, when we look the dollar in the face. The productivity of labour is what determines our ability to re-equip our industries economically, to buy what we need from overseas cheaply, and to balance our dollar account by accepting dollar investments in British or Imperial enterprises. Unless the productivity of our labour is roughly equal to that of the United States, no dollar investor is going to waste his capital by investing it here. This issue of productivity will be clearly and sharply raised in the near future. It will be forced on our attention in circumstances which will not allow us to evade the issue. We must have the courage to warn the country in quite explicit terms of what has got to be done and done soon, if we are to avoid irretrievable disaster.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY PLANNING ACT, 1947

The Injustices and the Remedy

By J. R. SMITH-SAVILLE

MANY people in the United Kingdom must to-day be asking themselves how it has come about that they find themselves with a large part of the value of their landed property taken away from them and destroyed, with but a meagre chance of recovering any part of the lost value, and, so far as the part of the property remaining in their ownership is concerned, how it is that they are unable either to dispose of it to someone else at a price which they consider represents its value, or to use it for any other purpose without obtaining the consent of the Local Planning Authority and paying a fine to the Government.

The short answer to their question is of course that the Town and Country Planning Act, 1947, is now in operation. But that answer requires some amplification in order properly to understand the present situation and to consider ways in which the manifest injustices involved can be remedied.

It is, of course, impossible fully to explain the provisions of the Act and the regulations made under it in anything less than a large Volume, since the Act itself contains 120 Sections and 11 Schedules, and occupies 206 pages of print, and to this must be added numerous regulations and orders made under its various provisions, and themselves occupying almost as many pages as the Act itself. It is, however, not out of place to recapitulate its main outlines as follows:—

THE basic principle is that no development can be carried out on land without first obtaining the permission of the local planning authority. The term "development" includes practically every operation which may be carried out on land, and every change of use to which land can be put; and, of course, it must be understood that "land" throughout this article includes any buildings on it. So far as the private individual is concerned, the only things which do not constitute development within the meaning of the Act, and therefore can be done without obtaining planning permission, can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Shortly, they are as follows:—

(1) Works for the maintenance, improvement or other alteration of any building. These may be carried out so far as they affect only the interior of the building, and do not materially affect its external appearance.

(2) Any building or land within the boundaries of any land occupied by a dwelling-house can be used for any purpose incidental to the enjoyment of the dwelling-house as a dwelling-house.

For instance, a shed can be used as a private garage or for the storage of tools etc., but cannot be used for the purposes of keeping livestock or for carrying on any trade.

(3) Any land may be used for the purposes of agriculture or forestry and any buildings which may be occupied together with such land can also be used for those purposes.

(4) Land or buildings may be used for any purposes within the same class of use as set out in regulations made by the Minister of Town and Country Planning.

The last exception is an important one, and its extent is regulated by the Town and Country Planning (Use Classes) Order, 1948, Statutory Instrument No. 954. This order sets out 22 different classes of use, and the effect is that land or buildings can be changed from one use to another within the same class without the necessity of obtaining planning permission, but that such permission must be obtained if the use is changed from one class to another. For instance, any kind of shop can be used as any other kind of shop, excepting as a fried fish shop, a tripe shop, a pet animals or birds shop or a cat's-meat shop; but a shop cannot be used as an office, because offices are in a different use class from shops. Similarly, a cinema can be used as a theatre or a music hall without obtaining planning permission, but cannot be used as a dance hall, since dance halls are in a different use class from theatres, cinemas and music halls.

THE result of the prohibition upon the carrying out of virtually all operations and all changes in the use of land without first obtaining planning permission is that, practically speaking, every piece of land and every building has a value only for the use to which it is already being put, and it can only obtain the additional value which it might have for any other purpose if a planning permission for that other purpose is granted. This reduction of the value of land and buildings to what is commonly known as their existing use value provides the basis upon which the remaining main principles of the Act are built.

The second principle embodied in the Act, is that there is no real right of property in the potential value of land and buildings for any purpose other than that for which they are being used. The theory goes that land values are created by the community and not by the owner or occupier, and accordingly it is only right that the potential values should be vested in the community, and that if the owner or occupier wishes to realize those values he should pay the community for them.

Parts VI and VII of the Act translate these theories into practice. Part VI provides that any person who claims that his interest in his land or building has been depreciated by virtue of the provisions of the Act prohibiting any development without permission may lodge a claim for a payment in respect of it. The time for making these claims expired on the 30th June last, and a fund of £300,000,000 is to be set aside by the Government for the purpose of meeting these claims. As the Government do not recognize any right of property in the potential values, however, they reserve to themselves the right to say who shall receive any payment out of the £300,000,000, and what proportion of his claim shall be paid. No person has a right to any share in the sum or to any fixed proportion of his claim excepting in so far as the Government of their own free choice may decide that he shall receive either payment in full, or only a share in an unknown residue. He may, of course, receive nothing at all.

ON the other hand, Part VII of the Act, and the Town and Country Planning (Development Charge) Regulations, 1948, Statutory Instrument No. 1189, which deals with development charges, provide that the payment to the Community through the Central Land Board for the right to realize the potential value which has been taken from the owner shall be the full value of the right conferred by the planning permission to carry out the development. This development charge, as it is called, must be paid or secured to the Central Land Board whenever planning permission is given and before the actual development is carried out. A development charge is payable in respect of every kind of development with certain exceptions, the principals of which are set out in the well-known Third Schedule to the Act, and which are, it must be admitted, of substantial value to owners and occupiers of property.

The other aspect of the reduction in the value of land and buildings to the value for their existing use, and the necessity to pay development charge before any development

is carried out, is reflected in the price which may be asked for land. The Act contains specific provisions providing that on a compulsory acquisition by any Public or Local Authority, the owner shall receive no more than the existing use values, and although there are no specific provisions to that effect in the Act, the general principle involved is that even on private transactions, land must not be sold or leased for more than its existing use value, since if it were, the would-be developer would in effect be paying development value to the owner or lessor, and would then also have to pay it over again to the Central Land Board. The Sanction to prevent private transactions taking place at a price or rent higher than that represented by the existing use value of the property is contained in Section 43 of the Act which enables a would-be purchaser or lessee who is asked more than the existing use value for any land to go to the Central Land Board, who can then compulsorily acquire the land, on his behalf, at the existing use value.

THE above are the provisions of the Act which are causing the greatest concern amongst the public. Most people realize that the greater part of the provisions for controlling the location and type of development, the actual planning provisions, are reasonable. But the facts that no compensation is payable for the loss of development rights but only such *ex gratia* payment as the Government may think fit to give, and that the amount of the development charge is settled arbitrarily by the Central Land Board with no right of appeal from their decision run counter to the whole British conception of justice.

It is, therefore, worth considering how these provisions have found their way to the Statute Book. Their statutory existence cannot be wholly blamed upon the present Government, though they must, of course, bear the greater part of the blame. There is no doubt that planning control before the War was inadequate and required some improvement. Four then regulated (in a national sense) development which took place between the Wars had already given rise to social and strategic problems which required detailed examination, and in 1937 a Royal Commission on the Distribution of the Industrial Population under the Chairmanship of Sir Montagu Barlow was appointed to inquire into them and make recommendations. This commission issued its report, (commonly known as the Barlow Report) in 1940, and the report embodied certain specific recommendations. The chief of these were as follows:—

(1) That national action and a Central Planning Authority were required in view of the nature and urgency of the problems considered by the Commission.

(2) That the central Authority should deal with the redevelopment of congested areas where necessary, and should also deal with the de-centralization or dispersal of industries and industrial populations from such areas.

CARRIED to their logical conclusion, these recommendations meant that a definite stop must be put to further development in certain already over-developed areas and that Government action must be taken to set up new areas of development. This necessitated some action in regard to land values. For instance, where every normal expectation had led developers and others to acquire land at high building prices in the neighbourhood of already existing developed areas, these persons would suffer heavy loss if their expectations were prohibited from being fulfilled. And, by contrast, the owners of land which had been far removed from any possibilities of development would suddenly find a tremendous accretion of value attributable solely to the action of the Government in deciding that development must take place on or near their land, and not in any way attributable to their own efforts. The Barlow Commission, however, felt themselves unable to make any recommen-

dations in regard to this problem of compensation and betterment and recommended that an expert committee should be appointed to go into the question. In consequence of this recommendation the well-known Uthwatt Committee was appointed which in due course issued its report recommending the compulsory acquisition of all development rights in land. The scheme proposed was considered by the National Government during the War, but that Government found itself unable to accept the complicated proposals put forward in the report and issued its own general ideas in the White Paper on the Control of Land Use, issued in 1944. These ideas formed the basis of the present Town and Country Planning Act with two important exceptions. In the first place, the White Paper did not propose any definite sum for the acquisition of development rights, but instead proposed that after a period of five years, in which the full facts in regard to development values should be ascertained, the question as to the amount to be paid by the State should be examined by another expert Committee. In the second place, the White Paper accepted the conclusions of the Uthwatt Committee that it was impossible to decide what proportion of development value was attributable to community causes, and what proportion was attributable to the work, foresight and efforts of the private individual, and it recommended that the State should take eighty per cent of the value attributable to development possibilities leaving twenty per cent with the owner, this being the figure approximating to that suggested by the Uthwatt Committee.

No legislative action was, however, taken by the National Government and accordingly, the implementation of the Recommendations in the Barlow and Uthwatt reports fell to the present Government, who quite openly announced their intention of implementing the recommendations in accordance with their Socialist doctrines. The explanatory memorandum accompanying the Town and Country Planning Bill stated that "the Government take the view that owners who lose development value as a result of the passing of the Bill are not on that account entitled to compensation". Mr. Dalton, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, made no secret of the confiscatory nature of the Bill when he said that he had ventured to tell the House that the Government were getting a good bargain over the nationalization of the Bank of England, and that he had no hesitation in saying the same thing over the Town and Country Planning Bill. He said "I think we are getting a very good bargain indeed in obtaining for the Community for all time all Development value, present and future for the payment within five years of £300,000,000", indeed he waxed rhetorical over the progress of Socialization. He stated that they were moving towards the nationalization of the land, and not by slow steps, and quoted the words of an ancient hymn,

"Part of the host has crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now—"

THE history of events leading up to the introduction of the Bill shows that there do exist great problems in regard to Town and Country Planning which required a solution, and which would still require to be solved even if the present Act were repealed. It is, however, felt than an outright repeal of the Act would not be possible in view of the action which has already been taken under it, particularly with regard to compulsory acquisitions of land at existing use prices and the payment of development charges. On the other hand, the manifest injustice of refusing compensation for rights of property which have been recognized as such for some hundreds of years, and which have been taxed as such, must be remedied if Town and Country Planning is to succeed. Furthermore, to the injustice on the compensation side is added the injustice arising from the fact that development charges are levied entirely at the whim of the Central Land Board without any right of appeal. Demands have been made on

various occasions to persuade the Government to give a right of appeal against the determination by the Central Land Board of development charge, the last demand being made by the House of Lords when considering the recent Lands Tribunal Bill. In spite of the fact that many instances were quoted of the excessive initial demands on account of development charges which were reduced after demur by the would-be developers, showing that in many cases the Government were trying to get as much as they could but would moderate their demands if those demands were refused and the developer could afford a good valuer, the Government refused to give any right of appeal.

What then, can be done with the Act so as to preserve the greater part of the planning provisions and yet remedy the grave injustices embodied in it?

It is suggested that in the first place, a proper code as to the determination of development charges should be laid down with a right of appeal from the determination of the Central Land Board. This would enable would-be developers to know how they stand and would end the present undignified state of affairs in which a prolonged process of "higgling" takes place between the Government valuer and the prospective developer. It would also greatly decrease the present delays and drag on development.

In the second place it is suggested that by some means, those who have had their development rights taken away from them and have suffered loss must receive full compensation for that loss.

IN considering how this can be effected, three factors must be borne in mind. One is that the steadily deteriorating financial situation of the country will make it quite impracticable to increase the £300,000,000 to the extent expected to be required. The second is that the final determination of the development value of any land or property for the purposes of the claim on the £300,000,000 fund can be relied upon as fair, since there already exists a right of appeal in regard to this; wisely inserted by the House of Lords when the Bill was before that House. And the third is that the *full* development value in any land or building was, even before the passing of the Act, ultimately only realizable if, and when, development actually took place.

Accordingly, except in the exceptional cases referred to later, an actual financial loss occurs as a result of the Act only when development actually takes place within a period of, say, twenty years from now, and the payment received out of the £300,000,000 in respect of the land on which it takes place is less than the development value of that land as determined for the purposes of the claim on the £300,000,000. Therefore, so far as this great majority of cases is concerned, the injustice wrought by the Act could be remedied by an Amending Act providing that in such cases, so much of the development charge payable when the development takes place as exceeds the difference between the development value of the land in question as determined for the purposes of the claim on the £300,000,000 fund and the amount of the actual payment out of that fund in respect of the land should be remitted. Many details would, of course, have to be filled in when the Bill came to be drafted, but it is suggested that the principle (that the owner should, by way of payment from the fund, or remission of the charge, receive his full development value) is sound, and provides a just and practical remedy.

The exceptional cases above referred to are those in which development within the specified period can clearly be shown to have been prevented by direct Government action, or where death duties have been paid on the potential development value. In these cases it is suggested that claimants should be allowed to appeal to a special Tribunal, set up for the purpose, which, if it found the case proved, could give a decision accordingly. The claimant should then be entitled to receive out of a supplementary fund to be

provided, a payment equal to the difference between the payment actually received by him out of the £300,000,000 and the full development value as determined for the purposes of his claim out of the £300,000,000.

Any remaining losers could safely be counted as those who would in any event have lost their value owing to a faulty speculation as to development trends.

THESE simple amendments of the law, giving a right of appeal against a determination of development charge, and providing that justice should be done where the arbitrary distribution and inadequacy in amount of the £300,000,000 result in direct financial loss, would remedy the grave injustices in the Act as it stands, and would eliminate most of the difficulties with which Town and Country Planning is, and so long as the injustices remain will continue to be, faced.

There will, of course, still remain the problem as to how land will voluntarily be sold for development if the seller can only obtain a price which represents its value to him for its existing use, but that is a separate question.

CAEDMON

THE southern folk are singing in the Hall.
I watch the antlered windows blaze with light
As I lie here, in the dark, alone,
And the cold Yorkshire wind in draughts comes through
The greystone shippen where the warm-mouthed cows
Tread in the straw, clanking their heavy rings.
My leather clothing has the smell of dung.
They find my long A's hard to understand.
Though they are kindly, yet I feel ashamed.
And yet it is not that; why should I lie?
I want this loneliness, where I can watch
The glorious windows and the frost-young stars,
And hear the voices singing from the Hall
Like voices carried from the stars.

For then

Beneath illimitable night alone
I see old Satan dim as Ingleton
And dream of the creation, lying here.

GEORGE MOOR

THE CANADIAN ELECTION

By GLADSTONE MURRAY*

THE General Election in Canada on 27th June resulted in a victory for the Liberal Administration by a majority unparalleled in Canadian history. Of the 262 seats the Liberals received 193, the Progressive Conservatives 42, the CCF (Socialists) 12, Social Credit 10, and Independents 5.

The Election was held against a background of slightly faltering but still substantial prosperity and negligible unemployment, balanced by still inflated prices, high taxation, and the post-war scarcity of housing. This was the twenty-first General Election since the Confederation of Canada in 1867. There were four main contestants—the Liberals, who had been in office for fourteen years; the Progressive-Conservatives, the official Opposition in the previous Parliament; the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation—CCF—(Socialist), and the Social Credit Party. Since Confederation in 1867, the Liberals had held office for forty-two years and the Conservatives for thirty-five years, there being a Coalition of the two Parties during the first World War. The Conservatives changed their name to Progressive-Conservatives in 1942.

In external affairs the four chief parties are officially behind ERP and the Atlantic Pact, although a vocal section of the Socialists, responding to Communist infiltration, gave their leaders trouble and created some doubt whether a CCF Administration would be in a position to resist Communist pressure.

Liberals, Progressive-Conservatives and Social Creditors alike declared for Free Enterprise individualism as against the Collectivism of the Socialists and Communists.

THE Liberals emphasized their long record of continuous administration including the war and post-war adjustment periods. Despite shortage of housing and some unemployment they could boast that the average Canadian was better off than the average citizen of any other country except the United States.

While supporting Free-Enterprise individualism the Liberals promised extended social security by co-operation between Governments at all levels. They took credit for the introduction of family allowances. They promised to introduce a contributory national health scheme. The Liberals also had much to say about agriculture, undertaking to continue to protect farmers' incomes and the stabilization of markets for farm products. There was a firm undertaking to stimulate the construction of the low-rental housing so badly needed. It was claimed, moreover, that the Liberal Ministers were experienced and competent—"a team to give the people of Canada leadership and continued good government". There was a promise to resume discussions between the Dominion and the Provinces to settle outstanding problems.

TAKING as their slogan, "Opportunity, Security, and Freedom", the Progressive-Conservatives advocated a national development programme with emphasis on power projects in the north. They promised, if returned, to remove trade barriers and to attack the whole system of licences, quotas, and embargoes. The Canadian dollar was, in negotiation with the International Monetary Fund, to be brought to a realistic level, and

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Foreign Exchange Control was to be modified. To encourage mining an effort was to be made to increase the price of gold. A national labour council, with equal representation of wage-earners and management, was to be set up to supervise Labour-Management relations. Profit-sharing schemes were to be encouraged. The radio listener's licence fee was to be abolished. A new attempt was to be made to settle jurisdiction and taxation problems between the Dominion and the ten Provinces. There was a specific promise of tax reduction. On the other hand, social services were to be maintained and extended in certain directions, notably in the provision of Old Age Pensions at sixty-five without a means test, but the main emphasis for achieving security was on efficient and expanded production by private initiative. There was also the plea that it was time for a change of administration after fourteen years of Liberal rule. And there were charges that the war-time practice of Government by Order-in-Council had been prolonged unnecessarily.

THE Socialists (CCF) promised to introduce a comprehensive instalment of nationalization of industry and business through the absorption by the State of all banking, iron and steel, transportation (including the Canadian Pacific Railway), meat packing, and farm implement manufacture. Through a National Investment Board there was to be supervision and regulation of all investment. Price controls were to be restored, the Excess Profits Tax was to be re-instituted. There was to be a substantial extension of social security measures including State Medicine. The CCF also advocated bi-lateral trading in the form of long-term bulk-purchase contracts on the model of those of the British Labour Government. It was the customary Socialist creed of salvation by "soaking the rich" and creating an all-powerful bureaucracy. For the first time the CCF presenting itself as a Labour Party, being officially recognized as the political organ of the Canadian Congress of Labour which is affiliated with the Congress of Industrial Organizations of the United States. This definite alliance with Trade Unions caused some misgiving among rural and small-town voters who control two-thirds of the seats in the Canadian House. To counteract this the CCF hoped to gain from the split vote of the three "individualist" Parties.

THE Social Credit Party advocated monetary reform as a solution of most difficulties and problems. Other proposals of this Party included (a) pensions for all at the age of sixty without a means test; (b) a non-contributory national health insurance plan paid for out of the "monetizing" of the national wealth; (c) private competition in business and industry; (d) abolition of gambling on stock exchanges.

The Labour-Progressive Party is the Communist political front in Canada. At the General Election of 1945, it entered 67 candidates and attracted 105,000 votes. The only successful candidate was Mr. Fred Rose who was elected for Cartier in Montreal. His Parliamentary career, however, was interrupted by a six years prison sentence for espionage.

This time the Communists ran seventeen candidates but really concentrated on the election of their leader, Mr. Tim Buck, in the Trinity Riding of Toronto. The effort failed.

THERE were three "curtain-raisers" to the General Election in Canada. The first was the Provincial Election in Newfoundland on 27th May when the Liberals were victorious with twenty seats to five for the Progressive-Conservatives. The second was the Provincial Election in Nova Scotia on 9th June, resulting also in a Liberal victory, Mr. Angus L. Macdonald's Administration being returned with twenty-seven seats. But the Progressive-Conservatives, who were unrepresented in the previous legislature, replaced the CCF as the Opposition with eight seats. The CCF retained their membership of two.

In the third curtain-raiser, the Provincial Election in British Columbia on June 15th, the Coalition of Liberals and Progressive-Conservatives, standing for Free Enterprise, took forty of the forty-eight seats. This was a serious set-back to the Socialists, their membership in the Legislature being reduced from eleven to six. It was the first Election in Canada to be fought on the straight issue of Free Enterprise versus Socialism.

THE Province of Ontario could boast the only Conservative Government in the British Commonwealth. The party came to power under Mr. George Drew in 1945, and was re-elected for another term in 1948.

But the issues in Provincial Elections are different from those in Federal Elections and it does not follow that those who vote Conservative in the Province will vote the same way in a General Election. A new factor in Ontario this time was the official intervention of the Trade Unions of the Canadian Congress of Labour group which adopted the Socialist CCF as their political organ. Both the Liberals and the Progressive Conservatives were apprehensive of the effect of a hostile wedge of Trade Union votes. But no wedge emerged. Most forecasts were wrong. In 1945, Ontario returned forty-eight Progressive Conservative, thirty-four Liberal, and no CCF representatives.

On 27th June, the Liberals took the lead with fifty-seven, the Progressive Conservatives were second with twenty-five, and only one CCF candidate was elected. By redistribution Ontario had one more seat in 1949 than in 1945.

The failure of the CCF and the leaders of the Trade Unions supporting them to "deliver" the wage-earners for Socialism by using the customary "class-conscious" slogans reflected a wholesome revolt against regimentation in a firm assertion of the right of individual choice. As to the swing from the Progressive Conservatives to the Liberals in Ontario, the average voter was in a "conservative" mood. Although he was reasonably prosperous he felt a growing anxiety about the future especially in view of depression talk in the United States. Between the Liberals and Progressive Conservatives he could not detect any major policy issue affecting him personally, so he decided to "play safe" and support the team in office. This attitude, general throughout the country, was perhaps most pronounced in industrial Ontario.

The Maritime Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, have become almost traditional Liberal strongholds. The election of eight Progressive-Conservatives in the Provincial Election in Nova Scotia on 9th June, where previously that party had been unrepresented, did suggest, however, that Mr. Drew was making some progress outside Ontario. But the Liberals maintained their hold in the Maritimes.

The Western Provinces of Canada, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia are the most fluid politically. Socialism is in power in Saskatchewan, and in both Manitoba and British Columbia the Liberals and Progressive-Conservatives coalesced provincially to keep out the Socialists. Alberta has been immune to Socialist attack. In that province the Social Credit Party has been in power since 1935. Efficient administration, helped by the unexampled prosperity created by vast new oil development, had made the Social Creditors impregnable. The Liberals and Progressive-Conservatives of British Columbia, who had worked together to smother the Socialists in the Provincial Election of 15th June, resumed their independence for the Federal Election of 27th June.

THE population of the Province of Quebec is about 28.7 per cent of the total population of Canada. But Quebec exercises an influence out of all proportion to its relative number of voters. Quebec is predomi-

nantly French speaking and Catholic. It is a firm stronghold against Collectivism and subversive influence. It tends to go overwhelmingly in favour of either the Liberals or the Conservatives, in recent years more frequently with the former. And the vote of Quebec is a decisive or at least a very important factor in the following of the victorious party at Ottawa. A glance at the record illustrates this point.

In the sixteenth Parliament from 1926 to 1930 the Liberals formed the Administration, taking sixty seats in Quebec against four for the Conservatives.

In the seventeenth Parliament from 1930 to 1935 the Conservatives came to power with a majority of forty-nine over the Liberals, there being twenty seats for the minor parties. If the Liberals had done as well in Quebec in 1930 as in 1926 they would have remained in power. But the Conservatives by taking twenty-four of the sixty-five Quebec seats were assured of office.

Since the end of the seventeenth Parliament in 1935 the Liberals were continuously in power during three Parliaments until the dissolution of 1949.

In the eighteenth Parliament, from 1936 to 1940, the Liberals began with one hundred and seventy-one seats as against thirty-nine Conservatives, seventeen Social Credit, seven CCF, and eleven for minor parties, thus securing an overall majority of ninety-seven of which forty-five, or nearly half, came from Quebec.

In the nineteenth Parliament, from 1940 to 1945, the Liberals again secured an overall majority, this time of one hundred and eleven, of which Quebec contributed fifty-seven

In the twentieth Parliament, from 1945 to 1949, the Liberals started with one hundred and twenty-five the Progressive-Conservatives sixty-seven, the CCF twenty-eight, Social Credit thirteen, and splinter parties twelve. Thus the Liberals had an overall majority of five. In Quebec the Liberals had a majority of forty-three which certainly secured the continuance of their administration.

IT was natural, therefore, that much attention should be paid to Quebec in this campaign to elect Canada's twenty-first Parliament. After redistribution Quebec now returns seventy-three seats out of the total of two hundred and sixty-two. The fact that the Liberal leader, Mr. Louis St. Laurent, is a French-speaking Canadian from Quebec and a world figure was relied upon by the Liberals to cut across party-lines as on the occasions when Sir Wilfred Laurier led them to victory with a practically solid Quebec. On the other hand, the Progressive-Conservative leader, Mr. George Drew, during his period as Premier of Ontario, had established a common front with Mr. Maurice Duplessis, Premier of Quebec, in the struggle against centralization at Ottawa with which the Liberals had become identified in the war and post-war periods. And Mr. Duplessis is opposed to Mr. St. Laurent. "Provincial rights" was a slogan even more popular in Quebec than in Ontario and it remained to be seen if this factor would outweigh the natural desire to see a French-speaking Canadian at the head of the new Administration. The real contest in Quebec was between the Liberals and Progressive-Conservatives. The Union of Electors, the Quebec version of Social Credit, nominated fifty candidates. Except for splinters the other Parties had no expectations. When the votes were counted, the Liberals had swept Quebec with seventy-two out of the seventy-three seats.

The Canadian Election campaign revealed an interesting variety in the personalities of the leaders, two of whom, Mr. Louis St. Laurent and Mr. George Drew, were making their first Federal Election appearance in this capacity. The Liberal leader, Mr. Louis St. Laurent successor to Mr. Mackenzie King, is urbane and courtly, yet active and responsive. His racial origin, partly French and partly Irish, his long and distinguished career at the bar, his engaging personality, his intimate first-hand knowledge of world affairs, and his clear, adroit exposition, all contributed to the growth of his stature as the campaign

proceeded. That Mr. Louis St. Laurent was persuaded to enter politics only by an appeal to his patriotism in World War II also counted in his favour. Whatever the outcome, the Canadian people were glad to get to know Mr. St. Laurent.

MR. GEORGE DREW, the Progressive-Conservative leader, had already added new vitality and interest to the proceedings of the House of Commons by his dynamic direction of the Opposition in the previous Parliament. A born campaigner, Mr. Drew hit out right and left, not minding where the chips fell. There is no doubt that Mr. Drew's audiences were impressed by his vigour, sincerity, ability, and courage even when they questioned his judgment. While they recognized in Mr. Drew a new force in politics of potential value they were not disposed to substitute him for Mr. St. Laurent.

Mr. M. J. Coldwell, the Devon-born Socialist leader, is a skilled and experienced politician. The quiet earnestness with which he put the case for Socialism assured him a respectful hearing throughout the country. Mr. Coldwell's problem was complicated by the infiltration, intrigue, and wrecking tactics of the Communists as well as by the use his opponents made of the lesson of Socialism in Britain. In his own Party in British Columbia, the Communists actually succeeded in engineering a revolt against support of the Atlantic Pact and ERP. And there were rumblings elsewhere. But Mr. Coldwell resisted the pressure, declining to become a pawn in the Communist game. It was clear, however, that Canadians as a whole, realizing what was happening in Britain, were in no mood to approve similar experiments. CCF representation in the House of Commons was reduced from twenty-eight to twelve.

Mr. Solon Low, the Social Credit leader, was born in Alberta where he gained his training and experience in politics. He earned public regard in this Election not least because of an effective microphone manner. His outright exposure of the fallacies of Socialism was an important factor in keeping the CCF in check. His case for good administration under Social Credit in Alberta was perhaps more convincing than his exposition of the intricacies of Social Credit economic theory. Mr. Low's emphatic support of the Atlantic Pact and ERP meant that the four major parties of Canada were in substantial agreement about Commonwealth and foreign policy. Social Credit won ten seats as compared with thirteen in the previous Parliament.

THE Communists of Canada, masquerading as the Labour-Progressive Party, are, as elsewhere, simply an extension of the Soviet Russian propaganda and espionage systems. They were, of course, a nuisance factor in the Election campaign. In most constituencies they supported the CCF, although officially vilifying the leadership and policies of that Party. Of their seventeen candidates, the Communists realized that not more than two or three had the slightest chance. But that would satisfy their masters in Moscow, anxious to have at least one spokesman in the Canadian House of Commons. Mr. Tim Buck, who was born in Norfolk, and specially trained in Moscow, has been head of the Canadian Communists in their various disguises for the past twenty-five years. Nor has he lacked adventure. In the early thirties he was prosecuted and imprisoned for illegal political activities. During the Nazi-Soviet accord from 1939 to 1941 Mr. Buck's attempts to discourage the war effort of Canada qualified him for internment, but he contrived to disappear "underground" until it was safe for him to re-emerge after his Soviet masters were forced to become our "gallant Allies". Ever since then, Mr. Buck has been struggling hard to get into Parliament in order to carry out his main assignment of becoming a "monkey-wrench" in the machinery of law-making bodies. He was defeated by the Liberals on 27th June.

Of the "splinter parties", the Trotskyites provided the best diversion, lavishing abuse

upon all others with Hibernian impartiality, while reserving their concentrated venom for the Stalinists under Mr. Buck.

ELECTIONS in Canada are usually enlivened by accusations of scandals and sensational charges which serve the purpose of disturbing apathy but which rarely survive the campaign. It is, of course, the *rôle* of the Opposition Parties to dig up scandal and this no doubt is at once a deterrent to the few less scrupulous elements of all political parties and also a spur to more active supervision by party leaders. In the recent campaign in Canada it was alleged by the Progressive-Conservatives that the Liberal Government had mishandled aeroplane contracts, doing business in this connection with an "international arms syndicate". The charges were categorically denied by the Liberals who countered by stating that all relevant facts concerning the aeroplane contracts had been communicated long ago to Opposition leaders, who did not raise the matter in the House. Another charge made by the Progressive-Conservatives was that Mr. Joseph B. Smallwood, the Liberal Premier of Newfoundland, while campaigning Federally, had told a political meeting that if they did not vote Liberal, and the Liberals won, then there would be reprisals in the form of a serious contraction of public expenditure in Newfoundland. Mr. Smallwood said that if he did say anything remotely resembling what was charged it was in idle banter. Nevertheless a prosecution was initiated under the Canadian Criminal Code which imposes penalties for this kind of electioneering pressure. But the issue is still *sub judice*, one argument advanced in the preliminaries being that the Canadian Criminal Code had not yet been enacted and applied in Newfoundland.

For their part the Liberal propagandists made a good deal of the alleged "secret alliance" between Mr. George Drew, the Progressive-Conservative leader, and Mr. Maurice Duplessis, Premier of Quebec. Such an alliance, if it existed, would be, in Liberal eyes, between traditional isolationist and anti-British forces of French-Canada and traditional Imperialist and "reactionary" forces of Ontario. In denying the existence of any such "conspiracy" or "unholy alliance" Mr. Drew took credit for the measure of constructive co-operation between Ontario and Quebec which he said he had initiated with Mr. Duplessis.

BY their votes on 27th June, the Canadian people gave resounding and practically unanimous approval to the measures being taken to protect Western civilization against the menace of Soviet Communist aggression.

In domestic affairs the Canadian electors decisively rejected the Socialism which the CCF had recommended on the model of the British Labour Government's policies.

That the Liberals were given the largest majority in Canadian history reflects general approval of their record over the past fourteen years and a reluctance to experiment either to the right or to the left in circumstances of reasonable stability and prosperity.

LIVING WITH ADOLESCENCE

By G. F. MORTON*

THERE is a story of a headmistress travelling in a city tram and there meeting and greeting a gentleman she took to be a member of her Parents' Association. On perceiving her mistake—and the gentleman's reproving stare left her in no doubt on this point—"I beg your pardon," she explained, "but I thought you were the father of one of my children!"

We are I suppose in many ways a much misunderstood profession. Almost everyone believes he has in his power the magic gift to teach. "Those who can do; those who can't teach", is as much an article of faith for the cynical onlooker as the naïve assumption of the schoolchild, who on being informed that the mysterious packet handed to his teacher was her month's wage, asked: "Please miss, where do you work?" I imagine that this disparagement of the teacher is being no little abetted and encouraged by the recent imposition of *parity* of reward and status upon every grade and class of teacher, the public schools, head teachers and posts of special responsibility excepted. For it is most surely obvious to the least intelligent that this conception of parity implies parity of conception: we schoolmasters must all be born equally stupid or equally intelligent.

Here in this lack of recognition of the need of specialized ability as between different schools and classes of children lies the problem of the education of the adolescent. And in this context I question the correctness of Freud's insistence on the altogether unique importance of the early years in the formation of a child's character. What experience then had Sigmund Freud of that most difficult period in the life of the growing boy: the sexual awakening, the breaking voice, the growing resentment of authority when parent and teacher alike, we must "ride as if our reins were made of silk and we were afraid of breaking them"? Had Freud then never understood that adolescence is the time when above all other times in his developing life the boy must needs learn self-control, self-respect and a sense of responsibility? During the period of evacuation of schools in the war years, an adolescent boy asked to be removed from his billet. He was unhappy with his "foster mother". "You see, sir," he explained, "she doesn't understand boys. She's a spinster". But it is not only that spinster and Sigmund Freud who failed to understand adolescent boys. Many a Fifth Form has been ruined by an unskilled and ineffective Form Master.

TO-DAY we are living in an age when more than ever we need to take thought for the adolescent. The extension of the school-leaving age to fifteen, the increased demand for Grammar School education, the impingement on adolescence of that trinity of mass "education", the cinema, the radio and the Press, the increase of juvenile delinquency, the report of King George's Jubilee Trust that the city boy is becoming less of a person and more of a *type*, the warning of Lord Montgomery that youth is "unconsciously afraid" and too little alive to the challenge of the times—all these things serve only to emphasize the increasing significance of the problem of the education of the adolescent. But there are other even more important

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considerations than these. Let us look at some of them.

At the risk of appearing pedantic I would stress the significance for adolescence of the growing sense of responsibility. The parent bond is wearing thin, but even so the transition to independence is never easy. Often enough the adolescent finds it difficult to accept responsibility, to hold the reins and to choose the hard way. The vacillating irresponsibility of youth can verge on the pathological. When such is the case is it going to help to give the boy experience of a school where discipline is lacking and where "easy meat and drink" permits him to give up subjects he doesn't like, and take his learning without tears? I have watched the experiments of A. S. Neill with interest and a certain restrained admiration, but I cannot help feeling that his mistake has been and is to take a page out of the gospel of the Great Teacher and treat it as if it were the whole gospel. It is an inconsistency as gross as that attributed to Lionel Ford, who after a meal of strawberries and cream (it was winter term with strawberries at ten and sixpence a pound) preached in college chapel on the theme that character is developed by pain and suffering.

AND what are we to say of the influence on the adolescent boy of an educational régime which gives everything for nothing? Do men gather grapes of thorns, or a sense of responsibility of spoon-feeding? Our modern adolescent schoolboy of the shining morning face, wearing, as many do, school cap and blazer bought "without money and without price", carries his many volumes of free textbooks on a free school bus direct to the school gates. There he is given free schooling and games with a break at eleven for free milk and another at one o'clock for a free dinner.* On top of that free dinner, for five days a week he lumps a sixpenny ice (father's family allowance pays for this) which in due course brings chronic indigestion, which in its turn procures free bottles of medicine, free cod-liver oil, free orange juice, and a period of absenteeism at home where he tortures the cat, exasperates mother's temper and gets a free spanking from father. Returning to school he gulps down more free milk (or squirts it at the boy next him in class), swallows more free dinners and ice cream, and at the end of term receives a free school magazine and perhaps a free holiday with the school camp. Finally he leaves school ready to take his place as a member of that growing army of the world's workers, arrogantly claiming his right freely to be entertained and spoon-fed by the State until such times as he is gathered to his fathers by way of a free funeral and a last free ride, this time to the Churchyard. There he gives his body to the worms—and his soul? At this point we may well ask what has all the money squandered on education done to develop that spiritual quality in man which comes not of easy meat and drink, but—if we are to believe all the prophets down the ages—of discipline and toil and sweat and difficulty and hard endeavour?

During many years I have tried to help boys suffering from such common ailments as rheumatism, asthma and even bed-wetting. On one occasion I was with the school Doctor when one of my "patients" came in. He informed the doctor of my interest in his body condition, adding very emphatically: "And what's more, Doctor, the Headmaster never charges a fee!" Looking back, and in the light of more recent experience, I think I was a bad schoolmaster. I ought to have charged my fee and taken the risk of the wrath of the B.M.A. and of summary prosecution by a Dictator of Education, and/or the political Chairman of an Education Committee.*

*Not all scholars get the free dinner, though this is promised for 1950.

*Let me add that in Australia, the most socialist of all the Dominions, the State insists that all outside activities, including the provision of playing fields and swimming baths, shall be provided and paid for by the parents.

THE decline of home influence and the growth of the irresponsibility of the parent is another factor which is telling heavily against the adolescent. The zoning of children of all ages, the arbitrary direction of children of eleven plus to a particular type of school, the fact that in spite of Mr. Butler's undertaking, the parent's wishes are rarely considered at this critical turning point in the life of a child—as one parent put it "My Tommy didn't get into the Grammar School because he wasn't born according to the Board's regulations"—these things only serve to increase the tendency of parents to leave the moral as well as the physical and mental education of their children to the State. One parent whose co-operation I sought in helping a difficult boy, told me quite brazenly: "It's your job to put him right. You're paid for it." But without the co-operation of the home, what hope is there of efficient discipline in the school?

Again our Pacific Dominions can show us a better way. In many, if not all of the Australian states, there is no eliminating examination for the child of eleven plus; and even if he fails in the qualifying examination he can obtain a Grammar School education if the parent insists and is prepared to pay. Is the Australian parent a better fighter than his kith and kin at home? In New Zealand selection for a secondary education is not made until the age of thirteen and again the parent has the final word.

And last, is there any influence more fatal to the education of the adolescent than the organization of our educational system on the totalitarian model? Diverse schools are grouped under one governing body, itself the creature of the Local Education Authority; staffs are appointed to that Authority and not to one individual school it's now a case of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips". It is true that the Minister of Education allows the Grammar Schools an Instrument of Government, but the Local Authority decides who is to administer that Instrument—and it is not the Governors. The result is everywhere the same. Universally, the world over, standardization and regimentation mean one thing only: the powers-that-be expect *definite sets of behaviour*. We must all be in bondage to the Law—and it is not God's law. So we get mass methods, flat-footed herd-mindedness, and the destruction of individuality. Education becomes rigid, static, pigeon-holed. But we cannot move, we cannot climb, we cannot educate, we cannot help the adolescent to meet the challenge of our day and time if we are not free. The impact of our Prussian totalitarian educational system on the adolescent is to make him more and more of a "type", more herd-minded. It serves only the cause of national decay. We can no more have education without freedom than we can have the eagle without air, or Leviathan without water.

I HAVE sketched in some of the factors working against us in our endeavour to educate the adolescent. The immediate task, for which we must work ceaselessly and tirelessly, is an amending Act of Parliament. In the meantime, what? So heavily are the scales weighted against us that anything we can do in the schools is a drop in the bucket—a mixed metaphor, I agree, and reminiscent of the Indian student's lament: "The hand that rocks the cradle has kicked the bucket." But the teacher is the hand that holds the tiller, and we cannot afford to let him kick the bucket—yet. Something, however, we must do and soon. I make three suggestions. The implementing of the first depends solely on the goodwill and enterprise of the teacher. The others demand the co-operation and the sympathy of enlightened administrators.

One of the latest developments in educational experiment is the camp school. We have had these schools now some ten years, yet I don't think any Authority has realized their rare possibilities and their deep inner significance for education. They are generally regarded as convenient dumping grounds for the defective, for the halt, the blind, the

deaf. Never has a great idea been so grossly misconceived. For the education of the whole boy, and particularly of the adolescent, there is demanded something which no school building, no curriculum, no bureaucratic direction can possibly give. Only the born teacher, the teacher with that instinctive genius for boy psychology which none can weigh or measure, only such can ever know how to mingle Nature with the developing emotional life of the adolescent. A complete education is impossible so long as we divorce the life of the child from Nature and all that Nature can teach. The Greeks knew the secret when they sent the Sons of the Heroes to the school of Cheiron the Centaur. What a conception! Horse and rider are one, but only because the rider knows to adapt himself to his steed just as surely as the latter knows to conform to the will of the master. The first lesson we must teach the adolescent is that though man may master Nature and split the atom, yet he must ever be on his guard lest the thing he thinks to command turns upon him and rends him. The growing boy must learn that Nature like God can be a hard master.

IT is because we have omitted to mingle Nature with the education of emotion, that seventy years of compulsory education have brought such pitiful results. An astronomer once told me that he had yet to meet one of his kind who denied the existence of God. I am not asking for the addition of another subject to the curriculum: a little knowledge can be a heady thing, as witness the schoolgirl who on being informed of her father's friend that he was a great astronomer remarked to him "Oh! *I* finished astronomy last year". But I do maintain that the religious attitude to life: awe, reverence, and wonder, the love of beauty and truth and goodness, what Albert Schweitzer calls "Reverence for Life", can only most surely be found when we marry Nature to Education. A boy's experience of "night and storm and darkness" when camping in the Alps—

> "From peak to peak the rattling crags among
> Leaps the live thunder."

—or of a reading from the Bible or a great classic about the camp fire, with Jupiter, Mars and Saturn swinging in the southern sky; or of a sunset over the sea; or of the Northern Lights in the Ultima Thule of Scotland; these things will do more for the religious life of the boy than any classroom instruction, or (Lionel Ford's prescription) "more chapel and more cricket".

An adolescent boy of fourteen on stepping out of the miniature mountain train which had brought him for the first time into the heart of the Alps, could be heard to catch his breath as he exclaimed: "To think it cost only £10 to come here." What memories for forty years on if we could associate lessons in geography and history with the emotion of a night by the swirling waters of the Dee in the heart of the Cairngorms, or perhaps by the gathering waters of the Reuss under the full moon hard by the Hospice of St. Gothard; or with a sunrise on the summit of Eggishorn overlooking the Aletsch Glacier and the valley of the Rhone; or with the experience of tracking Wade's road, followed by Prince Charlie in the "Forty Five", over Corryarrick; or with the combing out of the derelict farms and mills of the Pennine Uplands, seeing their place in the social history of the eighteenth Century!

BUT there are so many ways of marrying Nature to Education that I dare not attempt to enumerate them all. Let me mention but one more: the building-up of character through that self-discovery which comes of experience of physical endurance, of hazard, of adventure, of difficulty, even danger, but never of "easy meat and drink". I have called this "education through adventure," "adventure camping," "learning through laughter," and I have harnessed it to Scouting for Boys. Our Grammar Schools were well favoured for experimenting with the *out* in scouting until *parity* in holidays

embittered (and rightly so) their staffs. But now is added the paralysing influence of regimentation: regimentation in the Ark of the Covenant, in the Scout movement itself. For see how diminished are the chances of adventure camping, of education through hazard and difficulty and endurance, when in many areas of England and Scotland camping is permitted only after due and proper application *beforehand* to a Scout "Authority". That handful of boy-men who know the secret of education through self-discovery, who know the joy of moving at hazard through wild country, never uncovering till nightfall the secret places in the mountains where camp, perforce, has to be made and a meal cooked—what choice now remains to these pioneers but to abandon altogether their pioneering or to go camping "according to plan"? The pity of it! For Scouting in schools can help a lot to make school so much more friendly a community.

My second suggestion concerns those unfortunate victims of our machine-minded, blue-print-specification examination experts, the boys and girls who have been refused a Grammar School education, some of them believe me, the only sixpenny packets in our educational penny bazaar. I plead for the organization of Empire Schools in the Dominions for picked boys and girls with a genius for friendship, loyalty, team-spirit, drive, will-power, courage: all of them qualities which should count but never do in determining fitness for a Grammar School education. The Fairbridge Schools in Canada and Australia are doing a great work for British orphan children. I plead the same opportunities for these children orphaned of their due privilege and birthright, a Grammar School education. Both in Canada and Australia I have seen abandoned Army, Navy and R.A.F. buildings, training schools equipped with every necessity of a good boarding school, with kitchens and workshops and classrooms and dormitories and playing fields: empty shells, capital outlay, just going to waste. In one case that came to my notice the Vice-Chancellor of a great University, wearied to death of the procrastinations and futilities of Government Departments, took the law into his own hands and commandeered a whole training school, lock, stock and barrel, for the purpose of University education. Is it then beyond the wit and ingenuity of a Minister of Education tactfully and lawfully to conjure the transformation of some of these erstwhile training schools into schools of the Fairbridge type? If he would do so, he would find the new schools attracting very particularly teachers of that rare quality of character and experience which is needed so greatly for the education of the adolescent.

MY last suggestion concerns the juvenile delinquent, the war orphan and the neglected child. Of neglected children there are many, and the remedy is to remove them from the home environment. I plead for boarding schools in the setting of some of our palatial secondary schools. These schools are for the most part in the suburbs of our great cities, well equipped with workshops, playing fields, swimming baths sometimes, dining rooms and kitchens, gymnasia. Among their teaching staff can usually be found one or two men who for a special salary allowance, free living-in and perhaps a lighter school timetable would organize and supervise a little family community of about twenty boys, utilizing these amenities. There would be very few overhead expenses. Heating is on night and day. The main meal would be the school dinner; high tea could be made ready before the kitchen staff left in the afternoon; breakfast and supper could be simple and cooked by the boys and special staff. The gymnasium would make a healthy dormitory, camp beds being set up and stowed away by the boys themselves. Many of us, firewatching in the war years, lived such a routine regularly once a week. The right sort of man under such conditions could work wonders with that handful of neglected and frustrated children. Their first need is sympathy and

understanding. Living with the boy you come to understand him. Friendship follows, and it is mainly by way of friendship that we shall help the neglected and frustrated child.

IN conclusion, at the risk of repetition, let me emphasize the hard core of the problem of the education of the adolescent to-day. To this end there are wanted, urgently wanted, men of wide culture and strong character. We are not getting, we shall never get, anything but a fraction of what we need so long as these men are appointed by and to, an "Authority" (horrible word!), are mere pawns on that Authority's chess-board, and in consequence can feel no abiding loyalty to the school to which they are, at the discretion of the Authority, allocated. We shall not get these men so long as they are underpaid, under-privileged, and overlooked —over looked by men (and women) who themselves have little desire and sometimes less ability to serve youth on the actual field of battle, but consider they have the right, from the security of an administrative post to decide where, when and how others shall do the job. The imperative need of the moment is to restore the independence of the old Grammar Schools and the powers of their individual governing bodies, powers so meanly filched from the Governors at the footpad's pistol-point of financial necessity. Concomitantly a teacher must be assured, subject to good behaviour, of his position as a permanent and integral part of the school he has chosen to serve. And last, we must fight hard to be rid of all standardization, regimentation and Prussian totalitarianism in the education of British youth. In other words we must hold fast to our British way of life, and that way is neither German nor American.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Painting by Robert Walker. (Copyright National Portrait Gallery.)

"ODIOUS TO THE PEOPLE"

A VENETIAN VIEW OF CROMWELL

BY MICHAEL BARRINGTON*

IT is remarkable that although Venetian State Papers covering the affairs of England from the tragic death of Charles the First and throughout Cromwell's rise and usurpation were made available in print more than eighty years ago*, they attracted little or no attention in this country. And although in 1907 Horatio F. Brown in his *Studies in the History of Venice* included a pungent description of Cromwell as seen by

* Berchet, *Cromwell e la Republica de Venezia.* Venice, 1864.

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two Venetian delegates, this also has been long ignored*. To reprint Mr. Brown's Cromwell chapter *in extenso* would be a valuable service to history; and if the ensuing extracts lead to any such result the present writer would be gratified. As the reports drawn up by the Venetian envoys for the Doge and Senate were private and secret, they could be phrased with a degree of candour which would have been hardly possible had they been intended for publication.

Of many contemporary impressions of the character and quality of the "Lord Protector", the most discerning is that of Lorenzo Pauluzzi, who though himself the emissary of a Republic was shrewd enough to recognize how heavily England had suffered from the fall of the monarchy.

The exiled King Charles II sent a member of an ancient West country family, Thomas Killigrew, to represent him to the Doge and Senate. Their reception of this envoy, 17th of July, 1650, gave considerable offence to Cromwell, who brought such pressure to bear that in the summer of 1652 Killigrew was requested to depart. Previously Morosini, the Venetian Ambassador in Paris, had been ordered to send to London his secretary, Lorenzo Pauluzzi, to open up relations with the Protector. Pauluzzi was ordered to contrive that the Levant Company should aid Venice in the war against Turkey.

ON the arrival of Pauluzzi in London he was officially received by Sir Oliver Fleming—whom Carlyle with his peculiar rhetoric described as a "gaseous" figure, "of uncertain genesis, uncertain habitat, gliding through the old books as master of the ceremonies—master of one knows not what".

Upon this Mr. Brown remarks that

The Coronation of Oliver Cromwell. From a Dutch print, 1649.

* Op cit. Volume II (London, John Murray): pp. 296 - 321.

Pauluzzi found Sir Oliver "solid enough, and certainly quite master of the situation". The Venetian had come with insufficient credentials, and Fleming "grew very angry", and protested that for the Senate to send a representative in such informal style could "only proceed from aversion to the present Government. . . . Up to the present time the Republic acknowledges a minister of Charles Stuart" (Killigrew then was still in Venice). Sir Oliver Fleming, after this rebuke, dismissed Pauluzzi from his presence.

On 1st June of that year, 1652, credentials were passed in the Senate addressed "To the Parliament of England". But the Parliament kept the envoy waiting for seven months before vouchsafing to recognize these overtures.

WE will now quote from Brown's translation of Pauluzzi's later despatches:—

"*London, 3rd January*, 1654. Friday last the General [Cromwell] was created Protector of the three Kingdoms. The Parliamentarians do not cease to bite their nails for having allowed him, step by step, to mount to such a height of authority as renders him odious to the people."

21st February. "On his appearance not the slightest sound of applause nor of satisfaction was heard, nor any blessings on the name and person of the Protector. Very different from that which used to happen when the late King appeared in public. . . ."

[Cromwell] "enjoys but little affection, nay, there are not wanting signs of that hatred against him which grows daily because under the cloak of humility and care for the nation's and the people's weal he has arrogated all authority and sovereignty. Only the title of King is wanting, while his actual power certainly exceeds that of the late King."

But "though they feel themselves downtrodden, dissatisfied and deluded", the people "dare attempt no action. . . . But everyone hopes to see fulfilled some day the prophecy that this Government cannot last long".

1st March. "Every day the ill-humour against the Protector and the disobedience of the troops increase. Cromwell, however, persists in his habitual attitude of humility. . . . He protests that he is only what they have made him; that he will never be other than they wish him. . . ." Under cloak of his false humility "he aims, perhaps, at glory greater than his present [position], and on this ground his fall is continually foretold and desired. But he will save himself with all the greater astuteness in that he knows it to be the general expectation and desire [that he should be overthrown]."

ON the previous 29th of January, Pauluzzi had been ushered by Sir Oliver Fleming into the presence of Cromwell, whom he found "surrounded by twenty gentlemen, arranged on either side". Sir Oliver acted as interpreter when Pauluzzi "congratulated the Protector on his elevation; assuring him of the goodwill of Venice, and begging his aid against the Turks". Cromwell lifted his hat at every mention of the Venetian Republic, and alleged that he had every desire to assist Venice "which he considered the buckler of religion"—(a somewhat surprising expression from the ultra Protestant Protector towards the renowned Catholic oligarchy).

After exchange of compliments Pauluzzi was escorted to his carriage ceremoniously by Sir Oliver Fleming.

A yet more significant estimate came from the later envoy, Sagredo, who in September 1655 was sent from Paris with a large suite. He crossed the Channel in a warship provided by Cromwell. "If your Serenity had twelve such ships," wrote Sagredo to the Doge, "no power in the world could resist the onset. It has seven hundred men and one hundred guns". (Brown should have reminded us that

Cromwell's ships had been built by King Charles, whose resolute efforts on behalf of the Navy were opposed by John Hampden, who ironically is held up to-day in our school history books as a patriot.)

Cromwell's own carriage was awaiting the Venetian at the Tower, "followed by five other carriages and a guard of fifty horse"; and he was conducted to lodgings used for Ambassadors. Cromwell then sent profuse apologies for not meeting him in person, and though confined to his room by sickness he offered to rise from his bed if Sagredo thought this needful.

Sagredo protested that the Protector's "well-being was too valuable to be exposed to any imaginable risk".

> "Three days later he sent his carriage and two Councillors of State to my lodging to fetch me. I was conducted to Whitehall, that is the Palace of the late King. On my entering the great royal hall, hung with the richest tapestry, and crowded with people, Cromwell took two short steps towards me. . . . He is a man of fifty-six years, a thin beard, a full habit, short, robust and martial. . . . His countenance is dark and profound; he carries a large sword by his side. Soldier as well as orator he is gifted with talents to persuade and act."

In further despatches dated 5th, 6th and 12th of November, 1655, Sagredo details his efforts to win Cromwell,

> "by playing on his religious feelings, which he displays with all palpable demonstrations of zeal, going so far as to preach every Sunday to the soldiers. . . . His preaching he accompanies not merely with efficacious persuasions but also with tears, which he holds ready at a moment's notice."

SAGREDO made no headway with his efforts to win assistance against the Turk, and on 18th February, 1656, he left London, in a snowstorm. On his return he compiled for the Senate a description of England which contains the strange tale that King Charles had been Catholic at heart; and that though on the scaffold he had protested that he died for the Church of England this had been only "to prove the injustice of his condemnation". Though Sagredo's Catholicism here led him astray, his account of the King's character is otherwise significant:

> "His Majesty was gifted with a placid nature, infinite goodness, and incomparable sincerity." But his "Scotch servants" treacherously "published his most intimate intentions" and thus gave opportunity to his foes to traverse his designs.
>
> "That he did not at the outset present a bold front to Parliament contributed much to his misfortunes. He suffered meetings and assemblies where under cloak of urgent reforms, the royal prerogative was attacked and the first seeds of revolution were sown.
>
> "The Parliament, perceiving the occasion favourable to its designs, grew in courage and audacity as the King's Council showed itself lacking in credit and esteem . . . . the first movements of Parliament were received with approval by those who love to fish in troubled waters, and think to better their own fortunes by the misfortunes of their country."

Reciting the progress of the war, and the too great clemency of the King, Sagredo relates how

> "the Scotch who had already ruined His Majesty by selling his secrets now actually sold the King himself to the Parliament for two hundred thousand pounds sterling."

(The reader should be reminded of the enormously greater purchasing power of money at that time.)

IN the ensuing narrative Sagredo emphasizes how it was Cromwell who declared "that the King restored would take revenge; that those who feared to smite a crowned head would find a hundred of their own smitten in its place"; and that "holding the

King as a prisoner they should proceed to condemn him as a criminal".

Sagredo describes the precautions taken "in case His Majesty might resist the execution of the sentence", but he yielded to "the law of necessity", and

> "died with constancy on 30th January, 1648 [49 new system] amid universal silence and amazement; for, owing to the strong detachment of troops posted in various parts, no one dared to show his sorrow. . . .
>
> "So he died, an example . . . which struck pity not only among men, but also among the very beasts. For an old lion, who still lives in the Tower of London showed his emotion by fierce roars. . . .
>
> ". . . Cromwell, though then only second in titular command, was in every way supreme in authority. For Fairfax was a practical soldier only . . . while Cromwell knew how to use his sword and his tongue equally well, and to such purpose that after unhorsing his own General he also unseated Parliament. . . .
>
> "They say that Cromwell, forseeing that the supreme power must one day fall into his hands . . . insisted that the execution of the King should follow an Act of Parliament—that is a decree of the people—in order that the breach between the people and the King's descendants might become impassable. And to render any return of the royal family all the more difficult, the royal property" was sold; and "upon the ruins of the royal house," Cromwell "piled up his own fortunes," and made himself absolute.

HIS military success in Ireland and Scotland ended the civil war; but a war with Holland followed. "Parliament taxed the nation heavily for the maintenance of the fleet;" and on the Parliament proving insufficiently submissive to Cromwell, he—after placing guards at the strategical parts of the City—entered the House of Commons "drove the Speaker from his seat, removed the mace" and pointing to his sword declared that "his authority lay *there*".

Though, after peace with the Dutch, Cromwell "summoned two other Parliaments", these "proving restive under his orders", were promptly dissolved; whereon he established "the military government which now exists":

> "He caused himself to be proclaimed Protector of the three Kingdoms, with the Council which he retained" so as to foster "the fiction of a Republic, and to lessen the odium which his despotic government creates. He has declined the Crown; for after overthrowing the royal dynasty it would have been too naked a display of hypocrisy to place the crown on his own head. . . . He is content with his authority and power, beyond all comparison greater not only than that of any King who ever reigned in England but than that of any Monarch who wields a sceptre in the world just now.
>
> "The fundamental laws of the nation are upset and Cromwell is the sole legislator. His laws are dictated by his own judgment and desires. All offices issue from his hands. The members of the Council must be nominated by him; nor can they rise to power except through him; and that no one may become master of the Army he has left the office of Lieutenant General vacant.
>
> "As for his wealth, no King ever raised so much from his subjects. England pays at present one hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling a month in burdens; besides this, the duty of five per cent on all merchandise sold or bought in a city of such flourishing commerce as London amounts to three million two thousand crowns a year."

To this add the confiscation of the fortunes of the Duke of Buckingham and others of the nobility.

AT the beginning of the war the Parliament increased the pay of sailors and soldiers "in order to entice the King's forces away from him". But Cromwell's regime

established by force was obliged to depend on force for its continuance: "It was therefore necessary to pay the soldiers punctually to avoid revolt." This army was costing twelve millions a year, "for Cromwell is obliged to support those who supported him". If troops attempt to mutiny he sends them to the Indies.

> "Knowing he could not rely on the aristocracy, he began to raise to the highest commands in the Army people of low degree, on purpose that they, seeing their whole fortunes to depend on him, might be bound to support his pre-eminence. . . ."
>
> This policy "leaves but faint hopes that the King" would be able to dissolve that union while Cromwell lives.

As to the "Protector's" religion, "it is impossible to know what rite he follows". During the war "he professed himself an Anabaptist. This is a sect which abhors Princedom" and pretends to admit no authority save that of God. But on his elevation to supreme power, Cromwell disavowed the Anabaptists.

> "He holds that it comports with his policy that in London they profess two hundred and forty-six religions, all united in alienation from the Pontiff, but among themselves very dissimilar." and so disunited as not to constitute any danger to him.

SINCE the rise of Cromwell "the glory and grandeur of London" had waned:

> "For the most illustrous nobility which gathered there and made it brilliant is now crushed and mortified and scattered. . . . And the delights of the Court, the gayest and most sumptuous in the world, is changed now to a perpetual marching and counter marching of troops."

With command of the sea, as well as a strong army, and with no rival, Cromwell—"a pet of Fortune's partiality"—had no fear of foreign invasions. Moreover, "he knows the character of the English as a horseman, knows the horses of his *manège*, and so with the lightest touch of his whip he guides them whither he will".

"He is," repeats Sagredo, "a man of the sword as well as of the tongue, and hence it is that he has climbed. . . ." When two thousand sailors tried to mutiny, he thrust himself into their midst sword in hand, killed one, and mortally wounded another, whereon the others fled to their ships. In his preachings "he often makes use of tears".

He is "more feared than loved: mortally hated by the Royalists who are no small body but who are powerless", being deprived of wealth and arms.

NEVERTHELESS Cromwell though so powerful "lives in perpetual suspense".

> "The smallest gathering of men rouses his apprehension, and therefore plays, horse-races, and all recreations which might collect a crowd are forbidden. . . .
>
> "They say he never sleeps twice in the same room, and often changes his bed for fear of some mine. . . . [And] the Government often invents a conspiracy to afford a pretext against the Royalists. . . . Cromwell is deeply mortified that he has no children of spirit and intelligence. His two sons lack the vigour of their father. . . .
>
> "Whether the present Government will last long is a difficult question. It is likely, however, that after the death of Cromwell we may see some change . . . in accordance with the universal law that violence can never endure."

This vivid picture of a tyrant will no doubt astonish many Englishmen who have been deluded into imagining "the Lord Protector" a champion of freedom.

NEW YORK: THE CRUEL CITY

By FRANCIS RUSSELL

WHEN I finally went up on deck it was late afternoon, damp and Novemberish. The ship had dropped anchor in Upper New York Bay just off Ellis Island to wait for the immigration officials. After all these years I was back again. For the first time since before the war I watched the grey blur of Manhattan. During the last two hours of the voyage, as our ship nudged its way through the channel, most of the passengers had been standing on the upper deck trying to catch a first glimpse beyond the mist of the angular sky-line. What could be seen of the foreshore, Staten Island on the left and Coney on the right, was depressing enough—bleak, smudged earth overcrowded with characterless box-like houses. We drifted in the rancid ebbing water while tugs passed us on either side and a slovenly freighter from Liverpool with a dirty "red duster" at the masthead slowly put out to sea.

Lower Manhattan lay directly ahead of us in all its fantastic arrangements of cubes and solids, towers, cusps and pinnacles, and a few lights beginning to twinkle. Bagdad on the Subway, O. Henry called it. Yet, as I saw those buildings from the rail by the life-boats I found a certain shopworn look to that outline ahead of me and I suddenly realized that with the years my own perspective had changed, and that these assorted spires that had once seemed so impressive had now begun to date, to become hall-marked with their era like the stories of O. Henry themselves.

In front of me was one great pile topped by a classic colonnade like a jack-in-the-box Greek temple. Near it was a smaller Gothic tower rising centrally from two massive piers and looking as if it were a granite dog sitting up to beg. Another had oval windows at the summit shaped like the lantern tower of a cathedral, and there were gigantesque French roofs in the background, hip roofs, mixed roofs, and some strange roof-like protuberance covered all over with gold leaf.

FIFTEEN years ago they seemed so tremendous, so grandly austere. Now they had become insipid and slightly seedy, like a neighbourhood that has begun to run down. Our eyes had become disillusioned. More than anything else it was Rockefeller Center that changed the point of view, that cold impersonal solution to building in mass that is as clear-cut as a geometric theorem. If the Woolworth Building was the beginning of the skyscraper era Rockefeller Center was the abrupt conclusion of it. After such a lucid irrefutable demonstration in stone there was no more room for extraneous marble furbelows. What had been built before suddenly appeared trashy and jejune. The Empire State tower looked the child's make-believe that it was, the Chrysler Building like that 1929 Chrysler roadster the body lines of which were compared by an enthusiastic copy writer to the lines of the Parthenon. This multiplied vulgarity on a colossal scale Rockefeller Centre had without intention brought to an end.

But for myself—although architects may have their professional opinions—I had thought it wonderful enough in the years before the war when I used to take the ferry to Staten Island and watch those fabulous turrets emerge into perspective out of the city smoke. New York was always strange to me. I did not even learn the names of most of the buildings. In my few visits I never met anyone, never became part of any life there. I knew the city only superficially and externally

—but because of that I kept my sense of proportion.

New York was cruel. Something about it suggested the ancient Semitic cities of the East, the colossal and heartless magnificence of Imperial Rome, the desolation of Medain Salih. It was harsh and treeless and angular. More than any other city it seemed to have turned its back on the past. London had as many people, but in London one was never aware of size, never had that sense of lost immensity that the canyon streets of Manhattan gave. The faces of the people in New York had that same hard impervious quality, detached and rootless, almost abstract. The traffic moved faster, the pace was quicker. I had the feeling that here modern life had been reduced to its ultimate conclusion—a rather dreadful conclusion, but still not without its grandeur.

I FIRST saw New York in the spring of 1929 when I drove down from Boston with my friend Peter in his new Pontiac convertible. Peter was an old friend of my Boy Scout Camp days who had disappeared for years and then for no reason I could discover suddenly written me a few months before. He was a senior at Andover and by comparison with the naïvety and limited surroundings of the old-fashioned Trinity Latin School where I was in my last year, moved in a very urbane and sophisticated world indeed. That April vacation Peter asked me to go to New York with him to visit a friend called Suthie who had finished Andover the year before and was now a freshman at Yale. Of course Peter had been to New York any number of times. He asked me along partly because he wanted company on the way, partly because he enjoyed shewing off and because in spite of his brave words he hadn't many friends at Andover.

Suthie's home was in White Plains. From the way Peter had talked of his activities I'd expected him to live in some kind of neo-French château with a half-mile curving gravel driveway, but at the afternoon's end, in pouring rain, we turned down a rutted suburban street and stopped before a small seven-room shingled house with a large bay window in front built in that styleless period between 1900 and 1914. All the other houses on the street were the same, near together, each lot running into the next without hindrance, some with large hydrangea bushes in the front yards.

Suthie was sitting in the bay window waiting, and gave us a nonchalant wave of the hand. He was short and much more dapper than Peter who affected untidiness. Suthie had a short crew haircut—a novelty at the time—and his welcome to me was cordial enough although his accent was the queerest I had ever heard. He said "bean" for "bin", but it wasn't at all like my English cousins. He also dropped his G's and pronounced final Y as if it were "ay". One didn't need to be in the house five minutes to notice that Suthie was ashamed of it. His greatest embarrassment was that they had only one bathroom, just as the canker of his Yale life was that he had no car of his own.

The following afternoon in cold but somewhat drier weather we finally drove into the city along an interconnecting chain of parkways. Suthie was wearing a racoon coat and a bowler. The farther away we got from White Plains the more dapper he seemed to become and the gayer his spirits. Peter wanted to visit a speakeasy first and Suthie assured us he knew of a good one on East 67th Street. "Must be queer", he said to me, "to be seeing New York for the first time".

It was queer. My first impression was not a sudden but an accumulative one. We finally reached Fort Washington Park and then as we drove down Riverside Drive in that relentless surging traffic I could at last see those vast towers with all their multiple reflecting windows, that stupendous human ant-heap with every one of those millions intent on his fixed goal. Occasionally we saw patches of the mighty river below us and the vague outlines of the Palisades opposite. I

noticed a four-masted schooner at one curve of the drive and farther along two battleships at anchor, and the ferry boats that kept beetling back and forth to the New Jersey shore. It was too fabulous a conception for anyone who had never been to a world-city before. I couldn't form my thoughts into words. Suthie was talking about a trip he hoped to make to Virginia with the Yale Instrumental Club in May.

At first Suthie suggested we go to a burlesque theatre but Peter insisted on the speakeasy. "Well, if you want to", said Suthie indifferently, "but I got to cut down on my drinkin'". The speakeasy was in the basement of a grimy brownstone lodging house that by its familiar shape reduced the world to comprehensible dimensions. Suthie had a red and white membership card in his wallet along with cards for several other speakeasies and a contraceptive that he always carried with him as he said, "Just in case".

WE knocked on the door and almost at once a slide was drawn back and a fishy calculating eye looked out at us for a moment while Suthie flourished his card—then the door opened and we went inside. The man with the fishy eye shewed us in. He was apparently doorman, bouncer, bartender, waiter and general manager, for there was no one else in sight. We passed through two sets of double doors into a low dark room with red artificial-leather chairs scattered about, a couple of tables and a small bar at the farther end. Except for us the place was empty. On the walls were felt banners of various colleges, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia being the largest, but there were others like Amherst, University of Pennsylvania, Holy Cross, Rutgers. Peter ordered a sidecar and I said I'd have one too. Suthie said he was sticking to port, and I could see a gleam of malicious amusement in the fishy eye of the man who opened the door. He disappeared in the back and while he was gone Suthie wrote his name on the Yale banner among a lot of other signatures. Peter and I expected to be going to Harvard in the autumn so we wrote our names on the Harvard one.

The sidecar was full of ice and didn't taste like anything at all. Suthie drained his port at a gulp. "That's the real stuff", he said. "I know this place. You can't go wrong here." Peter drank his more slowly and ordered another. Suthie said he thought he'd just buy a bottle of port and be done with it. I had an idea that the effect of alcohol was a little like being etherized and I didn't want to try another although I didn't feel anything from the first.

By the end of the afternoon Suthie was maudlin and red-eyed as he dribbled on with thickened tongue about a girl named Isabelle who lived on Park Avenue and wouldn't see him any more although he'd written to her every single day for six weeks. As we finally went up the stairs he tipped the barman two dollars, who merely looked at him with that same gimlet-eyed air of amusement that he had when we came in.

Windows were beginning to flare in the huge cavernous buildings as we drove up Riverside Drive again. I could see the sudden darts of light in the troglodyte façades; first one would flash on then two or three, then dozens and hundreds. We had put Suthie in the rumble seat because the open air seemed to make him feel better and for a while he amused himself by tipping his bowler whenever we stopped in traffic and then shouting obscene remarks to the people in the car behind us. As we came near the Riverside Church he subsided and when I looked round I could see him vomiting over the back fender.

I DID not see New York again until the middle of the depression years when we had all finished university, and Suthie and Peter long since gone their ways. This time I stayed for a fortnight looking for a job I knew I'd not find, and spending the rest of my days ambling about the city in the mild late-September weather with no definite goal. I knew no one and so was able to avoid the

distortion of perspective that even a few acquaintances give.

As I had only forty dollars to live on I stopped at Sloane House, the Y.M.C.A. on West 23rd Street. I had a snug little bedroom there rather like the cabin of a sloop, from which I could see an ungainly row of roofs and farther off the New Jersey shore-line though not the Hudson itself. Sloane House was a curious place. Always there were bells ringing, gongs sounding, buzzers buzzing. The man at the desk who gave out the keys had a waxed moustache and one glass eye that didn't match his real one; the elevator boys always seemed to stop between floors, chattering back and forth from shaft to shaft in rapid corrupt Spanish. Although Sloane House was run by the Young Men's Christian Association the majority of its inhabitants were anything but young. Most of them were middle-aged and some of them were elderly. I don't know what they did for a living, for apparently they spent their days killing time in the reading room which was crowded from morning till night. It was a long comfortable room decorated with scenic wallpaper shewing views of Colonial Manhattan. The "young men" were fat and paunchy, a curious listlessness about them. They wore shabby clothes, spotted and unpressed, and they sat about all day playing cards or chess or reading the papers. Some gathered in little groups and talked about business while they smoked stumpy evil-smelling cigars. Many of them read their home-town papers—from Denver, Chicago, Kalamazoo, Portland. There was one old gaffer who wore a wing collar and a black ribbon tie, and as he walked through the reading room made caterwauling noises out of the corner of his mouth. He used to disturb the card players, one of whom would look at him very pointedly and say, "Some one round here keeps makin' barnyard noises. Notice it, Al?" Another, a sodden man whose shirt-tails always gaped between his trousers and his waistcoat, was usually asleep with *The Times* in his lap, his head back and his mouth open.

I liked the queer codgers at Sloane House, liked the place far better than a hotel, for there were no superfluous employees, no one to interfere or bother a person with flunkey attentions. It was the most anonymous place one could have found, and for New York that was appropriate.

THE autumn weather continued mild, although sometimes during the night there would be just the hint of frost. I could see a few white traces of it on the broad leaves of the burdock along the New Jersey cliffs when, as I sometimes did, I took the Weehawken ferry across the Hudson just after I had finished breakfast. With each day the streets assumed a more orderly pattern in my mind until that triangle from Sloane House and the ferry to Central Park seemed no longer formidable but grew familiar and almost friendly. I would loiter through the Times Square crowds in the sunshine, go into the Automat for a cup of coffee, saunter out again and let the busy life of Broadway surge by. It gave me a sense of well-being, an inner contentment in this city that would never be anything else but strange to me.

About the only person I ever talked to was a shifty street pedlar who used to hang round lower Broadway catching the attention of out-of-towners with some hard-luck story and trying to sell them brass watches, zircon rings, or if everything else failed pornographic comic books. He stopped me, and although I don't quite know how it started we began to talk in German to each other which he spoke more fluently than he did English although with a Polish accent. Business was bad, he said. He really thought his zircon rings were a better value than the ones they had in pawnshops although he admitted that his watches were no good. Once he invited me to a cafeteria to have a cup of coffee with him and we sat for an hour talking about Germany and Silesia where he had lived as a child. He was loyal to Germany in an off-hand way and maintained

that Hitler was a good thing except for what he was doing to the Jews.

Sometimes on rainy days when I was tired of reading I would go to one of the burlesque theatres on 42nd Street. No matter what the unemployment situation and what the weather there was always a queue in front of those. It was the hey-day of the strip-tease, which was really not so very exciting, consisting as it did of a buxom artificial blonde dancer who peeled off her clothes garment by garment until she finally stood facing the audience in nothing but a G-string. There were claps and whistles and happy shouts as she first exposed her breasts and then took off her scanties, but no amount of applause could persuade her to remove that key G-string. Sometimes she would turn her back on the audience and wiggle her chunky buttocks at them. The chorus was merely an excuse for a mass baring of bosoms. The girls didn't try to sing, they didn't dance, they couldn't even walk in step, but they ambled in and out to music, round-shouldered and pendulous with dragging splotched nipples.

There was a febrile air of expectancy in the male audience who watched that unstimulating display of teats. They leaned forward on the edge of their seats as rigidly as if they were in a trance. Some were young men in sweaters, some middle-aged, some decayed and senile. The place was heavy with tobacco smoke and when anyone struck a light I could see the reflection on the fixed bald heads. Strip-teaser succeeded strip-teaser. Unlike the chorus they were well formed. The way they glided out of their clothes was undeniably sensual, the milky texture of their shaved skin tantalizing. When they had peeled off their last garment and the chorus had come back the men sighed and grew restless, shuffled, as if they were about to spring up from their seats and re-enact the rape of the Sabines on those well-ploughed bodies. It was a curious study in group frustration to watch the tiers of human beings whose emotional life was reduced to this vicarious lechery. Those tense, mean, thwarted faces belonged to men who were locked in themselves, withdrawn into an auto-erotic dream-world where they played Don Juan to their own exhaustion. One could almost smell their sterile rut.

MY only excursions outside the triangle where I lived were down the harbour to Staten Island on the ferry, and once to Yorkville, the German section in and about East 85th Street. In Yorkville the local Nazis had at that point pretty well taken over the affairs of the community and the various German societies. Many of the shops had black-framed sternly heroic etchings displayed in the windows—the invariable trio of Frederick the Great, Bismarck and Hitler. One shop even had little lead Storm Troopers two of which I bought as a birthday present for my Jewish friend Dora Jane.

On blowy mornings when there was the tartness of autumn in the air and a wind ruffling the river, and sharp jets of smoke blowing seaward from the tugs and the chimneys, I would walk along Fifth Avenue looking at the luxury of the shop windows. I always knew when the night had turned cold, for as I lay in bed before sunrise I could hear the steam clanking along in the pipes of Sloane House. With the brisker air people on the street seemed more abrupt and impersonal than ever. There were no smarter, more luxurious women in the world than these somewhat too slim, self-possessed long-limbed creatures I passed on Fifth Avenue—but their faces were like beautifully contrived masks.

In the wan afternoon the Avenue under the long shadows of its grandiose buildings became a submerged river below the mesa land of ashlar and polished glass. And like a river the shifting striated traffic flowed along to that luminous point by Central Park where a narrow rectangle of sky deflected the oblique sunlight like a sheet of hammered metal.

At the day's end the atmosphere had lost the hard-spun morning freshness I had seen as I looked across the Hudson from Weehawken. All the accumulated smoke and ropey

vapours from exhaust pipes had built up a heavy spreading pall. The air was vague and streaked with mauve and violet and silver-pearl—a tired air that shed its colour by degrees as if veil after veil of theatrical gauze were being lowered across the puppet show of Fifth Avenue. Horns blared intermittently above the steady grinding noise of the traffic that sprang to life with the stabbing green and red signals. The treadmill stream of pedestrians swept by me. I stood on the pavement in that alien city with the stale odour of burnt oil in my nostrils, and suddenly I felt the burden of my loneliness and wished I were anywhere in the world but there.

MY third and last visit to New York came the summer before the war, when I arrived back from the West Coast. It was a period of oppressive August weather, day after day with the temperature between 90 and 100 degrees, not a cloud in the arched metallic sky, and the air so stagnant and heavy that it hurt to breathe. All day long the streets and stone surfaces of the buildings soaked up the rays of the sun, and all night they radiated out the absorbed heat of the day.

For the past three months I had been on the road, hitch-hiking from city to city, sleeping in fields or flop-houses where I could, and by this time I was so worn-out that all I wanted was to find an obscure quiet corner where I could sit and rest.

I arrived in New York at night. Dora Jane who had moved to New York from Philadelphia had a little flat on West 11th Street. She had written to me in St. Louis that she would be away for the month of August and said I could stay in the flat for as long as I liked. I walked down from the bus terminal, found the address without trouble. When I came to the top landing of the house and unlocked the door the air struck me in the face, hot and stale as if it had been boiled, and smelling faintly of buckram. The room I had just come into was narrow, with a parquet floor, a couch, a peacock chair, and a pastel on the wall behind the couch of Dora Jane as a child in pigtails. A hooked rug in front of the fireplace had several dead blue-bottle flies on it. Over the fireplace was a large somewhat foxed Venetian mirror, its former gilt frame now painted the same cream colour as the walls. There was a three-shelf bookcase, and next to the couch a radio-record player on which lay a book of memoirs by Sacha Guitry. On the mantel were a pair of silver-glass stags, a clock that had run down, and my two little lead Storm Troopers.

Beyond this room was a tiny bedroom and bath, and an alcove for the kitchen. The bedroom—as I found out next morning—looked out on a derelict garden with a rusty iron coffee table, two chairs and a few tufts of grass. Pinned to the bedspread was a note from Dora Jane as well as two clean towels. From the window I could see the illuminated tower of the Empire State Building squarely focused in the middle of the frame, and this was the last thing I saw every night before going off to sleep.

During that brief period I became a noctambulant creature, almost never venturing out of doors until after dark. The daylight streets were like a brass foundry. I spent most of my time propped up on the couch with the Venetian blinds drawn and a pitcher of iced lime juice beside me that tinkled cheerfully every time I filled my glass. Towards evening I used to go to the local delicatessen and buy a few rye bread sandwiches. Dora Jane's library was mostly French. There wasn't anything in it that fitted my mood, but I managed to borrow a copy of the *Faerie Queene* from the public library around the corner. I would lie there on the couch reading it and sipping lime juice and occasionally playing records. Dora Jane didn't have many records I liked, Cesar Franck's symphony, the 9th and 13th Beethoven quartets, Prokofieff's *Classical Symphony*, and that was about all.

THE very size of the *Faerie Queene* set it outside the ordinary limits of time one measured by minutes and hours. There was something about the slow stately Spenserian

measures with their unhurried descriptions of a fey misty landscape that was an infinitely satisfying antidote to my restless wanderings. It gave me a sense of enveloping quietness to follow, stanza by stanza, verse by verse, as if I were moving through a cool, shaded wood. Restful it was to lie there in the gentle half-light with the large red book on my lap, and the iced pitcher beside me oozing thick beads of moisture. Sometimes I put the book aside for a while to listen to a record. Through some curious irrelevant association the gavotte from Prokofieff's symphony reminded me of a long lawn in Maine in the summer moonlight with a red-haired girl named Rosamund—and always when the needle reached that particular point in the wax groove I thought of her again. Otherwise I thought of nothing in the heat, within the comforting four walls of my little temporary room, the slow enchantment of the archaic verse drifting like gossamer across my acquiescent mind.

At about eight o'clock,

As the bright sunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw.

I would commence to feel a nocturnal stirring in my bones, a part of my old restlessness creeping over me. The sounds of the people on the streets, the echo of their footsteps became more individualized, an enticement. I would eat my few sandwiches, then wander by myself in the elusive semi-darkness to the beginnings of Fifth Avenue and up to 14th Street where I'd turn right and come into Union Square.

Union Square was a noisy gossipy place full of small groups talking, disputing, gesticulating, settling the economic and political fate of the world, while little Italian children who should have long since been in bed played tag in and out among these shirt-sleeved, sweaty, serious men. The speakers, as opposed to the discussion groups, were dialectitions, for the most part talking to the already converted. Their voices were sharp, rather with frustration than a sense of the world's injustice. I found it interesting if not very varied to stroll from group to group. They knew all the answers, all of them.

Always there were a few young intellectuals from the Communist Party obviously getting their first lessons in facing the public, at their best drawing an audience of not more than a dozen. They mouthed the familiar Marxian phrases with earnest parrot-like insistence. After hearing several of them anyone could have made the same speech on his own. Those were the days of the United Front against War and Fascism, and Roosevelt had suddenly been transformed by the caricaturists of the *New Masses* from a gross pandering glutton sitting on the money bags of Capitalism (as he had first appeared in 1932 in that paper) to a debonair confident progressive leader with a contagious grin and a cigarette holder stuck jauntily in his resolute mouth. The speakers gave grim warning that the English and American capitalists were just waiting for the chance to do a deal with Hitler, would even get their countries to make a pact with him if they thought they could persuade him to move east against Ukraine. But, they re-assured us, in any case the workers of the United States and England would rise as one man against any Hitler deal —The strife of their voices ran so at odds with the peaceful indolent summer night.

AFTER a few evenings I grew tired of Union Square and went farther afield, up along the river, through Times Square, to Columbus Circle. I enjoyed walking back through Times Square late at night, and the casual friendliness of the little groups at the Circle was pleasant. In Union Square the people were frustrated and didactic and knew what they were talking about. They came there not to learn anything but because they knew it already. At Columbus Circle they didn't know. They were happy simple-minded individuals talking and amusing themselves and enjoying each others company on warm nights when it was too uncomfortable to sleep.

Columbus Circle had an unopinionated humanity about it that Union Square didn't have. The area, the central flat junction of nine independent streets flanked by the shadowy tree mass of Central Park always gave the impression of emptiness no matter how many people were in it. On all sides the city impinged and the open space around the monument shaft looked vague and forlorn in the blue-white rays of the arc lights at the intersections. The individual mood was gay however, as cheery as the woman who handed me a mimeographed poem within five minutes of my arrival. It was called "Sunshine *All* the *Day*" and consisted of three stanzas, the first of which was more legible than the last two where the mimeograph machine seemed to have been giving trouble.

> Look up! ½ Look up! and read the sign
> Writ on the face of nature—EVERYWHERE
> Life! Life! Resurrection! Power!
> Nature proclaims to the utmost
> *Life cannot die*. Doth the caterpilla die?
> Just a worm transfigured to a butterfly.

The Circle was a small transient community, a gentle backwater of the night, where newcomers were welcome and soon came to know the old-timers. Everyone of course knew the Nightingale of Columbus Circle. She was dumpy and more than middle-aged, always wore some kind of flower in her faded blonde hair, and her lined sagging face was smeared with theatrically heavy make-up. Standing on a rickety camp chair she sang old-fashioned sentimental songs like the *Sands of Doona* in a cracked soprano voice, everyone applauding at the end—for the Nightingale was much respected. Her eyes were queer and staring and she obviously had a screw loose, yet there was a sweetness to her wrecked features, the traces of some long ago time when she had been a charming girl with a clear, carrying voice. Perhaps she had been on the stage once. Now she was a broken old woman, but the people of the Circle were fond of their Nightingale. When she sang there was no noise allowed in the vicinity, and several self-appointed monitors looked as if they could give anyone a good punch in the nose if necessary.

BEHIND us, dwarfed as we were by the spectral city, the sky over Times Square was a luminous mist. The Square at night, garish, flamboyant, shadowless was the heart of this strange city. Its tentacles of lights stretched round in a profusion so vast that it didn't seem possible they were merely meant to advertise such prosaic things as beer and grape-nuts and chewing gum. The Wrigley's advertisement was the most spectacular, a five-storey screen of electric bulbs across which brightly coloured fish swam and blew great fluorescent bubbles from their mouths. At this late hour the picture houses were closed but the taxi dance-halls still kept open. Touts in uniform stood at the bottom of a long flight of stairs giving out free admission tickets to go up and dance with "fifty beautiful hostesses at ten cents a dance". There were as many cars and as many people milling about as if it were midday. Times Square was as solid as life itself, as unreal as a dream—at least I thought so walking back from Columbus Circle to Dora Jane's flat.

Then after the trample of the crowds and the glaring lights the intimacy of the little room was an overwhelming relief. I'd lie in bed looking at the barber pole illumination of the Empire State tower framed in the window while the slow Spenserian rhythms flowed back into my mind, and the restless city became a dream, and time gave the momentary illusion of standing still.

AT last the anchor rattled up and we began to move again slowly toward the darkening city, pushed and buffeted by three or four energetic tugs. I could still see the torch above the Statue of Liberty, the fast-moving ferry boats cutting across our stern, uncertain shadows of seagulls in the damp air impregnated with the odour of salt and decay. The lights in the colossal towers had reached their peak some time ago and now were beginning

to black out as the armies of clerks and stenographers left their desks. Uptown New York stood directly ahead of us. It was at this time and in this mist not so much a city as a pharos, a beacon of the New World, stupendous enough to gather in any number of people and at the same time say to them, "Turn your back on the past". There was no emotion to this city. It needed none. It was the modern world in essence.

A chubby English Army captain who was travelling to America for the first time came up to me by the rail while we watched together this man-made aurora borealis.

"It's Babylon!" He said finally in a voice that almost shuddered.

"Or Thebes of the Thousand Gates. But it's really just New York. It can't be compared to anything else that ever existed. That's what troubles you."

By imperceptible degrees we kept edging closer to the dock with its obscure low sheds. Again I was coming to New York as in those other remembered times, again alone and a stranger—but this time impervious to the city. We should nod to each other in passing, then by midnight it would lie behind me as the train took me north.

A searchlight cut across the deck directly we reached the corner of the first shed, and I saw a barrier below me on the pier and beyond it massed dots of faces, waving hands and handkerchiefs. Farther back in the crowd a group of people were holding up a large banner that read "Welcome Home Mrs. Shaughnessy". There was no one there to welcome me under those harsh lights, nor did I care. I was content to come again to that city that had always been and would always be a stranger to me, to slip through one of its Theban gates, to be gone by morning.

Suddenly there was a clank, a scrape of wood, an order bawled through a megaphone. The ship quivered, the crowd surged forward slightly—and then, with a jangle of chains, the covered gang-plank was hoisted into place.

KINGFISHER

WALKING beside the stream
Where kingcups gleam like goblets in the sun,
I am not comforted.

And though the years have washed above my head,
And run away like water here,
I stay alone as static as a stone
Unchanging in the shifting river-bed.

When suddenly a kingfisher
Sparkles up the stream electrically,
Beading my thread of thought, flashing the dead
Flex of the heart with myriad
Blue messages:

Not dead. Not dead.
Love is not dead, and it is love you mourn for,
Love's grave you weep upon and not the bed
Of the belovèd.

PHOEBE HESKETH.

Theatre

SOME PLAYS, AND A CRITIC

HUBERT GRIFFITH

THE YOUNG AND FAIR. By N. Richard Nash. *St. Martin's.*
YOUNG WIVES' TALE. By Ronald Jeans. *Savoy.*
FIRST NIGHTS AND NOISES OFF. Reprinted Theatre Criticisms by Beverley Baxter, M.P. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*
THE MOLLUSC. By Hubert Henry Davies. *Arts Theatre.*

"*THE YOUNG AND FAIR*", by a young American author, Mr. N. Richard Nash, is a fairly serious play about a smart, exclusive, and plutocratic American "finishing school" for girls, by an author who evidently knows quite a lot about his subject. I have one fault to find with it—its "plottiness" is too mechanically built—the "planting" of the stolen dollars in the locker of the unpopular Jewish girl and so forth, suggest long evenings of a Correspondence-Course in "Dramaturgy" with some Professor who professes to teach how to produce a third-act climax by post. (U.S.A. is full of them.)

But the young author didn't happen to need this aid. His plot, laid out by situation and character, was quite good enough as it stood. The middle-aged Headmistress of the school (Miss Marie Ney) has built up the school on her own initiative, and in accordance with certain liberal ideals. But unfortunately she doesn't now own her school. Owing to the incidence of two wars, it has passed into the control of its Board of Governors, prosperous business executives, to whom it is completely mortgaged. A new young idealistic junior-mistress arrives (Miss Jane Baxter). She admits that she wept when she heard the news of the death of President Roosevelt—but she adds, when pressed, that she had also wept at the news of the death of President Harding—"after all, he was the President of the American People". She is told that she had better stick to the latter story. The Governors are the sort of people who hated Roosevelt with mortal hatred.

A leading girl of the school (brilliantly played by Miss Pamela Alan) proposes to revive the Vigilantes Society, a sort of local Klu-Klux-Klan for detecting Un-American activities. She is warned that if she does so, or disobeys some other school regulation, she will be sacked or gated or "campussed"—I forget what is the exact word. Her answer, straight in the teeth of her own Headmistress, is "If you try to do this, I will telephone to my father, President of a steel-corporation in Pittsburg, and Chairman of the Governors of the School—and you'll find that it is *your*self who will be sacked".

Incredible! It is as though an Eton boy, the son of a millionaire, could claim that his father could buy up the college and sack the Provost. But I came out from "*The Young and Fair*" a little shaken. The authenticity of the whole thing, in its American setting, is no joke at all to the author, and he puts his case entirely convincingly.

Miss Marie Ney plays with a dignity, an intelligence, a nerve-wracked pathos—in short, with a combination of qualities that amount to very fine acting indeed. A junior (and therefore less experienced actress) Miss Baxter, takes genuine inspiration from Miss Ney and gives the best performance of her career. The actress who plays the Jewish girl, Joan Newell, is very good. And the truculent Miss Pamela Alan, as aforementioned, takes all chances successfully with a flamboyant part. Don't think that the play, because it was serious, was dull.

THE "*Young Wives' Tale*" by Mr. Ronald Jeans at the Savoy seemed to me an entirely enchanting light comedy. Here "stating one's reasons and drawing a map" is not so easy, for, like other light comedies, it is about very little; and, like the best of all of them, its merits are their own secret and not rigidly definable. It will have to be enough to say that it is about pleasant, easy and good-tempered people. Its main quartet are a couple of young couples attempting to share a ramshackle house in St. John's Wood, with all the tribulations that attend sharing; and trying to engage a communal nannie to look after the children—with all the tribulations that attend nannies. (When the ideal one is finally discovered, she seems only to survive in the household a few hours before giving in her notice.) A cross-current of friction is provided by one young wife's deep detestation of the fact that her husband is a writer. He sits about the house all day tapping his typewriter and getting in the way of her cooking and cleaning and ironing, instead of doing something decent such as putting on a bowler-hat and dashing off into the City from nine to six. She puts the matter to him very frankly—"Ours was an ideal marriage—while you were away in the Army." Many young wives must have experienced the same sentiment, perhaps without formulating it into words. The play is intelligently and unobtrusively produced by Mr. Michael MacOwan; and really beautifully acted, within its modest limits by Mr. Naunton Wayne, Miss Joan Greenwood, Miss Joan Haythorne—both of the last two sometimes slightly inaudible—Mr. Derek Farr, Mr. Sydney King, and Miss Margaret Scudamore, the ideal nannie, vanishing, unfortunately for the young couples, like a mere wraith of the morning mist . . . I hope, and believe, that the play will survive at the Savoy very much longer.

HUBERT HENRY DAVIES' forty-year-old little classic of light comedy, "*The Mollusc*," entirely justified its revival for a limited run of a few weeks at the Arts Theatre Club—and I hope for transfer elsewhere. It has hardly any plot; it is simply an amused character-study of a well-off woman who devotes labour and thought, ingenuity and even wit, to the monumental task of doing absolutely nothing at all—to getting everyone else to do everything for her. The little joke, adroitly handled as it is, is quite good enough to last out its three short acts, and it makes a lovely vehicle for a comedienne of high quality. Miss Vivienne Bennett has the gift of thinking (and being seen to think) before, during, and after any speech. She proposes to tell a lie; one sees her (in her brain) concocting the lie; one sees her uttering it with limpid sincerity into the eyes of her opponent; then—and this is where the little moment of comedy can be made or marred—one is allowed to see the veiled, split-second glance when, under the cover of a movement or the dropping of a handkerchief, she looks back to see exactly how far her lie has penetrated, and exactly how satisfactorily it has been swallowed by her opponent. Extremely good performances from Miss Jennie Laird, Mr. Patrick Waddington, and Mr. Gordon Bell, whose slight angularity of movement was a positive asset to the untutored cousin who blows in from the wilds of Colorado.

The play was originally produced by the late Sir Charles Wyndham at the Criterion, *circa* 1905, when it ran for just more than three hundred nights, a prodigious run for those days. It is an epitome of all the comedy that held the stage in the pre-Shaw, Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Edwardian days. For interest, I turned up the compendium "*Who's Who in the Theatre*", to see exactly how much Sir Charles Wyndham died possessed of. He died possessed of £197,000. Hubert Henry Davies died, as far as I know, of suicide, in process of the composition of a new comedy.

MR. BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P. has published a volume of his collected dramatic criticisms, "*First Nights and Noises Off*" (Hutchinson, 21s.). With some admirable sketches by Mr. Grant MacDonald. My

sole reservation of approval is that they might have been priced a little cheaper, so that more people might read them.

What qualifications does my colleague Mr. Beverley Baxter think that he has for republishing his weekly *Evening Standard* criticisms, seeing that he entered into the trade only comparatively late in life, and is the author of only one play which (as he himself candidly admits) was a comparative flop at its first London performance in the war-blitz ?

I will tell you Mr. Baxter's qualifications for that high and almost sainted vocation of first-string London dramatic-critic, with potential thousand of readers waiting to be influenced by his will.

He has been, in the first place, a war-correspondent with the armies abroad, and possibly something slightly more than a war-correspondent. He has been the Editor of a great national newspaper. He has been trained in music, with all its subtle emotional overtones, and has beguiled his leisure in his holidays by going away and singing tenor parts in a professional Opera Touring Company. He has been elected, on his personality, a Member of Parliament, and in this capacity has made speeches of national and humanitarian importance.

Mr. Beverley Baxter's dramatic criticism always, and unfailingly, fulfil two canons of dramatic criticism—they let one know in the clearest terms whether the critic has liked or disliked the play; they then go on, as far as his space allows (and he is fairly generously provided with space), to draw a coherent graph explaining *why* he has, or has not, liked the play. This I take it, given sensitiveness and readability, is the ulitmate end of all criticism, beyond which it cannot go.

Because he has had — and still has — so many other outside activities, he brings the quality of absolute freshness into the jaded atmosphere of London first-nights. Several times in recent years he has come down hard on the side of some distinguished play or some distinguished piece of acting that most of his colleagues seem unaccountably to have passed over, and which have later been generally acknowledged to have had merit. (I have also myself spotted several of these, but it has been in no sense in "collaboration"; I and Mr. Baxter very rarely meet at first nights, and if we do it is certainly not to talk about the current play.)

His short Preface to his book contains many words of golden wisdom on the subject of Dramatic Criticism in general. I wish I could quote paragraphs from it now, but probably will later. Among other things he says that a critic should "write and produce at least one play, tour with it and then bring it to London and, if possible, have a failure". He claims that this will teach him far more about the stage than twenty years of sitting in the stalls, and he is right. He also says that critics' work "should be constantly under review and they should be subjected to every form of attack from authors, producers and playwrights". Right again. I herewith admit that I have been recently under an attack from an author-cum-actor-cum-producer, Mr. Michael Redgrave, in the matter of a French play, "*A Woman in Love*," that he helped adapt, produced, and acted in. On one point I give him my sincerest apologies. Through mis-hearing I made one of his phrases out to be more stilted than it actually was. As regards another, where a man describes a past mistress as a "delicious little friend", I think there is still room for legitimate controversy. I said that the phrase must obviously have come from the French "*petite amie*", an indulgent and acceptable word for a transcient, or slightly more permanent, light o'love. Mr. Michael Redgrave tells me that the phrase in the original of Porto-Riche was "*la délicieuse camarade!*" Now this *is*, I admit, a problem! How on earth would one have rendered it? "She was such good fun to be with?" I offer it as a suggestion only. Others can supply better. But it gives you an insight into the splendours and miseries of translators, of which I have had my share, having tried it from the German, the French and (once) from the Russian.

Short Story

THE MAGIC BEARD

By R. K. NARAYAN

The talkative man said—

I TRIED to do one thing after another for a living and miserably failed. I grew tired of everything and started massaging my chin with coconut oil every morning. How could coconut oil massage be a remedy for unemployment? I'll tell you how. I met a wise old man who commanded me to take a vow not to shave or cut my hair till I found some means of earning money. An easy enough vow. I was ordinarily blessed with a rapid growth on my scalp and face, and now I facilitated nature with coconut oil massage.

When I came down to Madras a few days later I looked like a mystic. A magnificent beard and moustache covered my face and I had long hair streaming down to my shoulders. I could not see myself in a mirror without feeling a sort of reverence for my face. But this imposing appearance did not carry me far. I tramped the city up and down and saw numerous people, but all to no purpose. The utmost that my beard achieved for me was that people received me respectfully, and uttered their refusals in an apologetic tone.

One afternoon I was standing on the kerb in front of the Law College. I had a heavy heart and sore feet, and stood vacantly staring at the callous, indifferent humanity going up and down in their trams, buses, and motor-cars. An old woman stood before me and held out her hand for a coin. "Get away!" I said as usual. I had my last three pies in my purse and I was irritated that an old woman should come and claim even that. I bared my teeth and cursed her. She became indignant: "You may have no money, but kind words cost nothing. Would you have behaved in this manner if your mother had come and asked for money?" This touched a raw corner in my heart. I remembered the scowls I put on and the cynicisms I poured out whenever my mother asked me for money. I particularly remembered how I made her return to the hawker a small aluminium vessel costing a few annas, which she had bought for the house. After her death this remained a harrowing memory with me: the childlike enthusiasm with which she took the vessel and the utter disappointment with which she returned it.

Now this old woman had started this memory all over again.

"This is my only coin, take it," I said, giving her the three pies. She took it and went away. I moved to the edge of the pavement and supported myself against the railing. I really didn't know what to do with myself. The old woman came back in a quarter of an hour. She panted with joy as she held up a four-anna silver coin and said, "God bless you, sir. Yours is a lucky hand. I did not earn a single pie since the morning but the moment you gave me money a lot of others, too, are giving me money. Someone has given me a four-anna piece. Four annas! There are certain great souls whose slightest touch opens a treasure. You are one such."

"If my touch is so precious don't you think I ought to be paid for it?"

"Surely, master. Here you are." She gave me an anna. An anna represented a great many things for me in life: a cup of coffee, a tram ticket, and, who could say, if my latest idea should prove practicable, four copper pieces of luck, and at least four annas from four beggars. I walked down China Bazaar Road. An old man accosted me. "Look here, old man," I said, "I have a lucky hand. If

I give you a coin it will soon multiply. If it happens what will you give me?"

"A quarter of what I earn, master."

I gave him a copper coin and sent him out. He returned half an hour later, his face beaming with joy. "There is surely some magic in your touch, master. I had only to hold out my hand and coins fell on it. I don't know what has come over everybody. They have only to see my hand and they drop coins in it. Even people sitting in cars, people who usually set their drivers to chase me away, have given me money to-day!" He gave me an anna and a half.

Next day I was back in George Town and hit off a bargain with every decent beggar I met. At the Law College kerb I met the old woman. I gave her a coin and in a short while she returned and gave me nearly four annas. And then I moved down and met the old man. I earned a couple of annas from him. I took the tram for Mount Road and earned nearly eight annas from a one-legged urchin, a little girl with six fingers, and a woman carrying twins.

I felt that this surely deserved to be placed on a business footing with proper organization.

In a few days I had an office in George Town. At first I squatted on a gutter lid in China Bazaar Road to sell my wares (that is luck) like the rest of them there selling cuff-links, moth-balls, toys, sweets, and piece-goods; but I soon found that it was rather awkward to be transacting business with my staff of beggars in a public place. I had to seek seclusion. The shade of a tree behind the High Court seemed ideal for this. There were a lot of people there no doubt, but they were all so much wrapped up in their own troubles that they did not take any notice of me.

With the help of the old woman I selected about ten beggars. I strictly avoided blind beggars and beggars with infectious diseases. My staff consisted of a stalwart who swathed his body in bandages and walked on crutches though his limbs were sound: he stood before a large coffee hotel and whined the whole day; a "blind" boy who was blind of only one eye though he shut both his eyes and sent forth pitiful cries the whole day at every bus-stand; an old man whose limbs were paralysed; the old woman; and so on.

I met them punctually at ten o'clock in the morning behind the High Court, and gave them each a coin. They went away and returned at midday. I checked their collections and took my fee. They went out again after an hour's rest and met me at five o'clock.

Through my lucky touch everyone had doubled his income. The stalwart in bandages had not been making more than ten annas before; now his income never went below a rupee and a half; which meant that I got at least six annas from him. The old woman earned about a rupee now; the "blind" boy brought in a rupee and four annas. My total income was about three rupees a day now. Ninety rupees a month!

On the first of the next month I sent a Money Order for fifty rupees to my wife. She was elated and asked what I was doing. I merely replied that I helped people to make money and collected a little commission for the service. She asked why I should not be making all that money myself!

I looked at beggars, when I came out of a cinema or at the beach, with a professional eye, and was racked with the feeling that a vast army of them was simply going to waste. I soon realized that I could make more money with a little wider organization.

Shortly, I established three more centres: one under a tree in the People's Park, to cover the Moore Market, the Central Station, and the General Hospital Road. I had another in Mount Road with the office in the porch of an old shop and a third one in Purasawalkam with the office on the tank bund. Later I opened a one-hour office at the beach in the porch of the Revenue Board Office. In any case I spent my evenings there and I thought I might combine relaxation with a little business.

I arranged my time-table efficiently, and

visited all the centres in the course of the day. I had a monthly tram pass and over and above it I spent ten rupees a month in bus journeys.

On the first of next month I sent home two hundred rupees. My wife was tremendously pleased. She wrote suggesting a number of things I might buy for her. She incidentally asked if I had had a clean shave and a haircut. She was quite right. Why should I still wear the frightful jungle on my face and head? My vow was fulfilled, I was earning money.

That afternoon I went to a shaving saloon and came out of it with a smooth face and a very close crop. Gone was the mystic. It was very refreshing when the wind blew on my face unhindered. I caught a glimpse of myself in a shop mirror on the way and thought it was someone else. I also felt a little ashamed of my face. There is something foolish in a man's smooth appearance when his old beard and moustache are suddenly shaved off.

When I sat down under the tree behind the High Court that afternoon, my friends came and passed me indifferently.

"Where are you fellows going?" I asked.

"We are beggars, master. Please give us a coin."

"Idiots! Don't you recognize me?"

"No, sir."

"Is my voice not familiar?"

"Yes, sir, but how can we know who you are?"

They wouldn't believe me when I told them who I was. I argued with them for half an hour. They treated me as an impostor. I grew angry and desperate. I told the old woman finally, "I will give you a coin with my hand. If it brings you more coin will you believe who I am?"

"Yes, sir." She went and returned in about twenty minutes. Her lips were twitching with anger and grief. She said, "You are not our master. She would be a wretched woman who accepted a coin from your hand. If my master had given me the coin with his hand, coins would have come rushing in to join it. But now? People wrenched my hand and swore at me; and in that shop over there they were so violent that I lost my temper, and a man came to beat me, and in the scuffle I lost even the few coins I had collected in the morning."

They walked away in great rage. I sat under the tree and watched them go, rubbing my smooth chin with my fingers.

The same thing happened at every centre that day. I couldn't collect a pie. I was amazed that a little change in appearance should affect people so much. And every time I tried to establish my identity with a lucky coin, the person who carried it lost all the money he had and was even beaten.

MATTER FOR A SONNET

WHEN I am grey and wrinkled, Jean,
And like dead wood at every part,
I'll chase with thoughts of what has been,
The hunger gnawing at my heart.

What pure content did we two find,
What cares courageously reject
For pleasures neither countermined
By forecast nor by retrospect!

Amidst the thorns of life what flowers
We plucked, what honeyed raptures knew,
What golden, what immortal hours,
Like briefest moments o'er us flew!

KENNETH HARE

WINDSOR CASTLE FROM MR. CROWLES' GARDEN (1747), BY CANALETTO

From the painting in the collection of the Duke of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle

(A label states: "This picture was painted by Signor Canaletto who took the view from the window of the small cottage at the end of the enclosure next to Mr. Crowles' garden and the figures added by him at Percy Lodge. It was finished June the eleventh, 1747.")

"AN EXCURSION TO WINDSOR"

By R. G. G. PRICE

THE Reverend John Evans was descended from "an almost unbroken line of Baptist ministers" and, after being trained at Bristol, Aberdeen and Edinburgh, became pastor of the morning congregation of General Baptists at Worship Street, London, where he remained for thirty-five years. He wrote voluminously and his *Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World* went through numerous editions and was translated into several languages. For most of his pastorate he conducted a seminary, first at Hoxton Square and later at Islington. In his own words, "The superintendence of a Seminary leaves only the leisure hour for the productions of the Press, though consecrated, as they have in my case always been, to the service of the RISING GENERATION". One production was *An Excursion to Windsor* and my copy, the second edition, was published in 1827, the year of the author's death. The tour is described in a series of Letters to a *Dear Young Friend* dated Islington, 1810.

He begins by explaining that instead of visiting his relatives in Wales or going to the seaside, he determined to spend his week's holiday that summer in Windsor. "Accordingly at nine o'clock in the morning we left Islington, ten of us, in two post-chaises, including myself, Mrs. Evans, our four sons and four West Indians entrusted to my care for education. We passed over that beautiful specimen of human art, Blackfriars Bridge, toward the Obelisk in St. George's Fields, then turning right. . . ." reached Twickenham in 110 pages, where he remains for another fifty.

Evans has a beautifully irrelevant mind. The absence of gipsies on Wimbledon Common makes him quote a long passage from a poet called Hagg, describing what they would have looked like if there had been any. In the little pleasant village of Battersea "The manufactory of the modest and persevering *Mr. Brunel*, is well worth attention. His machinery is the subject of general admiration. His wonderful apparatus in the dockyard at Portsmouth, I inspected some time ago with unmingled pleasure. On no other occasion have I witnessed the *Six* Mechanic Powers so variously combined, so ingeniously diversified. Nor has the operation of the machinery been confined to one object; here it descends even to the making of shoes. Each shoe passes through *twenty-five* hands, *one hundred pair* are produced each day, the operators are wounded soldiers, who perform the several details with precision and accuracy." A monument to the inventor of a fire-proof house leads him to discuss the Almighty's use of fire: "Indescribable is its utility in the great laboratory of nature." The sight of the Thames starts him off on a three page inscription which might be placed in a Temple of Hope, if anyone cared to build one. On Richmond Hill he points out that it is all right if you merely want the Beautiful, but hurries on to warn the reader that if he wants the sublime he must go to Cumberland or, preferably, North America. He then quotes this puzzling anecdote: "While the army was encamped on the banks of the Hudson a private soldier one day, when off duty, amused himself by climbing one of the huge mountains. When he had reached the pinnacle his mind was so *sublimely* affected with the amazing height he found himself from the surface of the water, and the vast extent his eye reached, that he stretched forth his right arm and gave the following words of command—'Attention the UNIVERSE! By *Kingdoms* to the right wheel. March!'"

IT is not till he reaches Pope's monument in Twickenham Church, however, that he really gets in flood. For the next forty-five pages the reader is drowned in a long argument about what Atterbury thought of Pope, with full references to authorities, an attack on Warburton's edition of his poems, Pope's Will in full, a kind of class-list of English poets taken from Warton—"In the second class should be ranked such as possessed the true poetical genius in a more moderate degree, but who had noble talents for moral, ethical and panegyrical poesy"—and, "by way of conclusion, a summary CHART of a literary description which you, my young friend, will find gratifying to your curiosity and conducive to your improvement". The chart consists of a solid mass of ninety-four names grouped in five periods.

Strawberry Hill arouses his conscience. Perhaps, he seems to feel, his public are not getting quite enough solid information about the ostensible subject of the book, so for thirty pages he catalogues the contents of the house mercilessly, grimly explaining at the end that the account is much abridged from his original notes. The life of Walpole, which of course follows, contains a short comment on the authenticity of Chatterton's poems, ten pages of Walpole's Sermon on Painting and six pages of anecdotes about Benjamin West, who also was connected with the Fine Arts.

DURING the next stage, to Hampton Court, the Gipsies turn up again and a Mr. Hoyland (of Sheffield) is quoted for the information that their favourite diet is half-cooked beef that has died of a distemper. We are also told that in 1741 Dr. Stephen Hales, who had already invented butterfly nets, discovered the ventilator. At Hampton Court Dr. Evans is particularly inspired by the Maze, and gives some hints on how to make one: "The chief expense of a maze, in which simplicity and economy are combined, will be the green hedges, which ought to be seven feet high; and if the breadth of the walks be calculated at four feet, besides twelve inches for the room occupied by the shrubs, the diameter of the whole will not exceed one hundred and fifty feet. In the centre might be planted a lofty *chestnut tree* with spreading branches, or a circle of poplar trees, the height and sprightliness of which invite the wanderer to refresh himself under their cooling shade. Thus constructed, and viewed from an elevated spot in its vicinity, it has been thought to afford an interesting spectacle to persons of the most opposite dispositions of mind. The gay and cheerful will delight in beholding others perplexed in the pursuit of the central spot, while the grave and reflecting have an opportunity of viewing, as in a mirror, a picture of *active life*, where MAN often seems to deviate from the true path, which nevertheless conducts him the nearest way to the end of his journey; while others though sometimes very nigh the desired object, in a manner blindfold pass by, and with every step advance the contrary road! Such then is the nature, and such may be the uses of the Maze, within the royal confines of Hampton Court".

The Palace is rather summarily dealt with, though there is a good deal of William III: "It is but justice to add, that the enlightened Churchman and the conscientious Protestant Dissenter were uniformly the friends and supporters of WILLIAM. On no occasion were they insensible of the distinguished blessings of the Revolution of 1688. Its *Centenary Anniversary* (at which I had the honour of being present) was kept with a solemnity suited to the importance of the event. On 4th November, 1788, a religious service was held at the Old Jewry, when the late amiable Dr. Kippis preached an excellent sermon, and all dined together at the London Tavern. On that day the COMMITTEE and STEWARDS had on blue coats, *the Dutch uniform*, with buttons exhibiting a fine impression of *the head* of WILLIAM; and the identical *Dutch colours*, under which WILLIAM landed at Torbay, were introduced into the room, as well as held up, whilst the following *Eulogium* was read on the occasion:—

CHARACTER OF KING WILLIAM THE THIRD SUPPOSED BY BURNET

HE was the *Head*, *Hand* and *Heart* of the Confederacy, the *Assertor* of LIBERTY and the *Deliverer* of NATIONS

The Support of the Empire,
The Bulwark of Holland,
The Preserver of Britain,
The Reducer of Ireland,
And—The Terror of France;

His Thoughts were wise and secret
His Words few and faithful,
His Actions many and heroic,
His Government without Tyranny,
His Justice without Rigour,
And—His Religion without Superstition;

He was Great without Pride,
Valiant without Violence,
Victorious without Triumph,
Active without Weariness,
Cautious without Fear,
And—Meritorious without due Recompense.

King, Queen, Prince, Potentate, the World ne'er saw
So wise, just, honest, valiant as *Nassau*;
HE was—but words are wanting to say what—
Say all that's *Good* and *Great* and HE was *That*!

Dr. Evans then says that he has often thought there was a considerable resemblance between William III and George Washington. This enables him to tell an anecdote about a conversation between Washington and a Mr. Mullett, and this in its turn is an opening for the information that Mr. Mullett's son-in-law's father came from Bristol. On page two hundred and fifty-six the party have lunch—it has been a pretty crowded morning.

THE next letter, still dated 1810, begins with a prize-fighter's address to his patrons in 1817 and continues, by way of a poem by Thomas Day about an aged horse, a short life of Fox and the Book of Job, to Runnymede, where he stops for a complete list of the witnesses to Magna Carta and a short account of Feudalism; but this is put in less for the benefit of the Rising Generation than as an excuse, if a thin one, for describing how he once had the honour of speaking to the Duke of Norfolk. When they reach Windsor the coming of night is saved from wrecking the chapter by the characteristic sentence: "Even this constant alternation of day and night may be converted into a source of moral improvement". A quotation from Fawcett reassuringly asserts that Virtue will emerge from Death's black shade and ends:

"Soon shall the *Grave* release thee from its gloom,
"Hope sweetly wipes the eye that wets thy tomb!"

Dr. Evans is a fervant monarchist and to him Windsor is not merely an objective for the sightseer but a shrine. At Kew he has remarked: "To pass by in silence, a spot dignified by a royal residence would be altogether inexcusable", but his treatment of Kew Palace had to be comparatively brief. At Windsor he can allow himself more space, and his awe evidently made him feel that to omit any detail, however trivial, would be positively impious. There is an interesting account of George III and the Princesses holding an informal reception on the terrace. Blind, slightly infirm in speech, but cheerful, interested and kindly, the aged king calls forth an emotion in Dr. Evans that is loyal yet completely lacking in sentimentality. It is a reminder of one aspect of the Regency Bill controversy that is sometimes forgotten, the respect in the country for the actual person of the king.

THE castle itself is introduced with a comparatively short disquisition on castles in general, beginning with the Viking invasions. Before starting the itinerary he quotes a description of the chief ornaments and curiosities as they were in the reign of Elizabeth, so that "we shall then perceive the decided superiority of the modern embellishments". To the modern reader, the Elizabethan account is most attractive: "Two *Bathing Rooms*, ceiled and wainscotted with looking-glass; Queen Elizabeth's bed-chamber, where is a table of red marble, with white streaks; a gallery, everywhere ornamented with emblems and figures; a chamber, in which are the royal beds of Henry VII and his Queen, of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, all of them eleven feet square, and covered with quilts, shining with gold and silver; a piece of tapestry in which is represented *Clovis*, King of France, with an angel presenting him with the *fleurs-de-lis*, to be borne in his arms, for before this time, the kings of France bore *three toads* in their

shield, instead of which they afterwards placed three *fleurs-de-lis* on a blue field: this tapestry, so antique, is said to have been taken from a king of France, when the English were masters there. We were shewn here, among other things, the horn of a unicorn, about eight spans and a half in length, valued at above £10,000; the bird of paradise, three spans long, and a cushion, most curiously wrought by Queen Elizabeth's own hand". Evans quotes with approval a modern historian, who comments: "How interesting a contrast to these *insignificant* particulars is presented by the performances of arts and letters, now collected in this VENERABLE CASTLE! Vandyke and West occupy the places possessed by the *Bird of Paradise* and *Unicorn's Horn*, while even the *cushion*, 'most curiously wrought by Queen Elizabeth's own hand', is equalled, if not eclipsed, by the works of elegant taste produced by those PRINCESSES whose pursuits are an honour to their country".

After their exhaustive examination of the castle, the party went by Datchet—whose bridge produces an interesting picture of Irish manners: "The Irish are said to be so impressed with the importance of bridges over their rivers, that individuals have taken off their hats in passing over a bridge, praying for *the repose of the soul* of the builder—so grateful are they to his memory!"—to Eton, introduced, of course, by a quotation from Gray. It is hailed as "the celebrated public seminary, whence have issued characters whose talents and acquirements have at once delighted as well as astonished the world. Its situation is said to combine a happy union of monastic gloom and rural beauty". A short discussion on whether a private or a public education is to be preferred leads up to the remark that whichever it is the tutor will benefit by consulting Dr. Evans' *Essay on Education*, fifth edition, "in which the best productions in the several departments of literature are pointed out, and the most eligible mode prescribed for rendering the rising generation happy and respectable". A few pages later he works in a puff of his "SEQUEL to the *Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World*, fifth edition, containing *one hundred* testimonies on behalf of CANDOUR and UNANIMITY".

On leaving Eton he visits Herschel at Slough and admires his telescope, telling him that at the end of his lecture on astronomy he always explained its construction to his pupils. This brought the gift of a well-executed engraving of the instrument. Apparently at some point the intention of marking the days has been dropped and without any warning the author says: "For near a week we had been basking in the sunshine of Royalty, and now felt inclined to bend our steps towards the stable and undisturbed mansions of the dead". This meant a visit to Stoke, a real field day. There was Gray to be quoted, his unmarked tomb to be discovered and his monument to be described. It was raised by the respectable family of Penns, one of whom wrote *The Christian's Historic Survey* and *The Moral Bioscope*. Evans' attitude is neatly illustrated in a remark on Stoke: "Adjoining the seat may be seen *the Park*, interspersed with obelisks, pillars and other appropriate embellishments. These, together with THE CHURCH and *Churchyard*, constitute a highly picturesque group of scenery. A more rural situation cannot be imagined".

THE next twenty-two pages are mainly, but not, of course, exclusively, a biography of Gray, whose travel letters give Dr. Evans a chance of legitimately getting away from the neighbourhood of Windsor, and he chatters happily about Rome, quoting a long passage from Manfred and remarking that Byron's genius was not dissimilar from Gray's. Gray was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge by the Duke of Grafton, and this excites Dr. Evans tremendously, because he himself once had the honour of spending an hour with the Duke and found him "social, intelligent and a warm friend to Christianity". The attention he pays to Gray's letters is obviously intended to emphasize the similarity between himself and the

poet, both lovers of classical literature, both men of pious sentiment, both, he points out, afflicted by the tendency of their friends to die off.

The Excursion ends with the remark that "among the accumulated splendours of Royalty, *health* and the *peace* emanating from domestic affection are seen to constitute the prime ingredients of human felicity! And this bliss is accessible to the meanest subject in the realm. Thus HAPPINESS appears more equably diffused than has been generally imagined". After this striking discovery any description of the return journey would be rather an anti-climax and he says merely, "we reached, in the evening, our plain uncastellated mansion at Islington, with renovated satisfaction".

AT the end of the volume is an epilogue entitled "Windsor in 1827", which takes the form of a letter dated 1826. He explains that public curiosity has been aroused by the Improvements at Windsor and "in the following pages it will find a laudable gratification". There are some interesting details and an extract from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech in moving the Grant: "The external alterations of King Charles, who brought the vices and fashions of France to disgrace his native soil, are in the worst possible style. HIS LATE MAJESTY did much to restore the pure Gothic character of the building; and the windows by which, in many parts, he replaced the unmeaning ones which Charles introduced, should serve as the model for completing all the fronts in one uniform and appropriate manner". Dr. Evans is almost, but not quite, speechless in admiration of the changes made by Wyatt, and obviously associates the expenditure on Windsor with a Monarchist revival in the country.

Evans is the busy, rather old-fashioned enthusiast, who acquires a considerable stock of miscellaneous information with enormous gusto; nowadays he would write letters to the Sunday papers full of bibliographical and antiquarian detail. He is a kind of Englishman who gets overlooked in discussions of national character. He has the industry, knowledge and lack of proportion, the hypertrophy of memory and atrophy of reason. He is no scholar. He has views on everything, usually sensible and humane ones, and feels it his duty to ram them down the throats of his pupils; but what he really enjoys is imparting information. He is peacock-proud of his reading and his notebooks, rarely of his arguments.

ON the whole, he compares very favourably with the modern schoolmaster. His vitality and curiosity are infectious. "Interest" is a normal condition of the teacher, not a psychological state to be laboriously produced in the taught. He is a complete man, actively pursuing a variety of occupations, teaching, preaching, writing, reading, travelling, engaging in public controversies and going out into society. This breed is not dead but it is dying fast. The modern schoolmaster, if he reads at all, does so because he wants raw material for a lesson. He goes to the theatre because he is in charge of the Dramatic Society, and practises carpentry at home because running the Woodwork Club is an avenue for promotion. I have known several schoolmasters who never looked at a newspaper and boasted of it: they were not responsible for Current Affairs. John Evans may have been an ingenuous ass, he may have lacked originality and intellectual power and the critical mind, but he was alive; he tingled with the variety and excitement of the world, and his concentration on the aims rather than the processes of education must have stimulated his pupils to grow with him. I once knew an art master, deeply involved in lino-cutting, plasticine modelling and attending meetings on the teaching of art, who had never heard of Rembrandt! There is something to be said for the firm way in which Dr. Evans directed the attention of his pupils to the Best Books, the Best Pictures and the Best Landscapes. At least, unlike some of his successors, he did know how to enjoy his holidays.

THE LAND OF STONES

UP in the land of stones I was alone
With the cold and the fear of death of becoming a stone.
I cursed the world, the wind, the sky,
Till I said, I am nothing, nothing matters, and turned to a stony calm.

In the mountains life dies hard;
Even the whitened bones of goats and birds live on
And belong to the sterile land and arid hills.
Up in the land of stones fear and desire are dead,
Thought is stripped of ornament and the mind grows clear.
Bare as the jet-black olive trunks,
Bleak as the sand-spitting wind dried by the relentless sun,
The heart is rock, and the will absorbed by the granite walls.

But when the arms of the sun are withdrawn
And the black night wind falls from the hills
And the odour of the fox creeps close
And the last cicada sings alone,
In the peace of the star-engraved sky the spirit goes down
Into the earth, the blood goes to the swinging sea
Thought is felt as a web of moving forces
And things are seen as threads of the colours of sound,
And we, the moments in this timeless texture,
Focus its power in a single eye.

MARY WYKEHAM.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

BRITISH STATESMEN AT WAR

By CHARLES PETRIE

"MY LORD", said the elder Pitt to the Duke of Devonshire in 1757. "I believe that I can save this country, and that no one else can." It was in just such a spirit that Mr. Churchill succeeded Mr. Chamberlain in May, 1940, and in this latest volume* from the ex-Premier's pen is the account of the first months of his stewardship. Mr. Churchill, like the Great Commoner, had been thrust upon Parliament by the country, and, also like his predecessor, he believed that he had a duty to that country which no one else could discharge. "In my long political experience," he tells us, "I had held most of the great offices of State, but I readily admit that the post which had now fallen to me was the one I liked the best. Power, for the sake of lording it over fellow-creatures or adding to personal pomp, is rightly judged base. But power in a national crisis, when a man believes he knows what orders should be given, is a blessing". On another page he observes, "I was sure of myself". The personal parallel with Chatham is complete.

The circumstances in which the two men took offices were also similar, for in 1757, as in 1940, the emergency which England had to meet was of the gravest. The Seven Years' War had begun badly, and the situation was perilous, not only because Minorca had been lost and Britain was threatened in India and America, but because the fighting forces, and those who directed them, were afflicted with a strange timidity and hesitation.

ON the earlier occasion, as on the later, the strength of the enemy inspired the most gloomy forebodings. "Whoever is in, or whoever is out, I am sure we are undone both at home and abroad," wrote Chesterfield, "we are no long a nation. I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect". Sir Andrew Mitchell reported from M. de Knyphausen that France was preparing to attack Madras, and was sending more troops to America: in reply to the observation that these were vast designs in view of the fact that the French were not in possession of the command of the sea, he was told, "They are so flushed with the conquest of Port Mahon, and their successes in North America, that they are capable of undertaking anything". So were the Nazis in the spring of 1940.

If ever another Plutarch writes another *Βίοι Πάραλληλοι* he will surely couple Chatham and Churchill. Both made war in the same grand manner; both towered above their colleagues, most of whom went in awe of such supermen; both snatched victory from defeat which threatened to become disaster; and both were driven from office in the moment of triumph. No other two statesmen in British history have so much in common, and it is no exaggeration to say that had Chatham written his autobiography it would have been such a book as that which has prompted these reflections.

THERE have, however, been other contests in which the very existence of Britain has been at stake, two in particular leap to the mind, and it is not without interest to compare with Churchill and Chatham those who were called upon to ride the storm then, namely the younger Pitt and David Lloyd George.

The first of these has been compared with Neville Chamberlain who, incidentally, admired him more than any of his predecessors in Downing Street, on the ground that he was a great peace minister who made war

* *The Second World War*, vol. II: *Their Finest Hour*. By Winston S. Churchill. *Cassell*. 25*s*.

most reluctantly and inefficiently. The latter part of this statement is incorrect, for the younger Pitt was by no means so poor a war-time Premier as is often alleged, and Miranda, assuredly no mean judge, credited him personally with such successes as England gained during his tenure of office. As a leader he was certainly unsurpassed, and in the darkest days of 1797-98 his courage was the fire from which others kindled theirs. It was the memory of what he had done that nerved his successors to continue the struggle until his great antagonist was an exile, and France was back within her old frontiers.

When criticism is made of the younger Pitt two things are often forgotten. One is that he had to face a far more formidable opponent than any of the adversaries with whom his father Lloyd George and Churchill respectively were called upon to deal. The other is that he was always in a much weaker position at home, and when the final crisis came in the summer of 1804 he confronted the master of Europe, perhaps the greatest soldier of all time, with a weak Cabinet, a diminished Navy, and a monarch whom opposition might at any moment drive out of his senses.

THE supreme merit of the younger Pitt as a wartime Prime Minister was that he never lost sight of the peace which would one day conclude the hostilities upon which he was engaged. He never regarded winning the war as an end in itself—it was the succeeding peace that mattered. One would search Mr. Churchill's pages in vain for any expression of a similar outlook, and it is difficult to resist the conclusion that he regarded the war as a glorious adventure beyond which he had as little desire as opportunity to look. Regrettably, he may have been right, and it is possible that no man with a detached attitude towards the war could have led the country out of the morass into which the politicians had plunged her; here, too, the parallel with Chatham is exact. In this respect Lloyd George is close to Churchill, though to the Welshman's credit must be placed the readiness with which he entered into the plans of Prince Sixte of Bourbon-Parme for a negotiated peace.

In one respect Churchill and the younger Pitt can claim to have been on common ground, for both were loathed with a deadly hatred by the enemy they fought, and to whose "new order" they were the chief obstacle. The contemporary French references to "*le monstre Pitt, l'enemi du genre humain*", could easily be paralleled in Nazi literature concerning Winston Churchill. For the rest, Pitt certainly looked further ahead, beyond the end of the struggle, so that a modern historian is justified in writing of him, "Then when the bells were ringing for victory; when the army which Pitt planned, under the leader whom Pitt chose, struck the hammer-blows of the Peninsular War and withstood the reeling shock of Waterloo; when the statesmen whom Pitt taught brought back from Vienna the pacification which Pitt had described, but did not live to see—then we may fancy that, as Castlereagh carried to the House of Commons tidings of 'peace with honour', long awaited and dearly bought, and the cheers volleyed forth, to a faithful few must have come a swift, transitory vision of a tall slender figure, with a little cocked hat above a tilted nose, walking stiffly to his seat, to a whisper like the rustle of autumn's leaves: 'Mr. Pitt, Mr. Pitt' ".

WHEN one turns to Lloyd George it is necessary to forget a great deal if the real picture of him as a wartime leader is to become clear; certainly most of what lay before August, 1914, and much of what happened after November, 1918, had better be dismissed from the mind. Furthermore Churchill attained the highest office in the state through the front door, not by way of the backstairs. Yet when allowance has been made for all this, it is impossible to deny that to the ordinary citizen what Winston Churchill was in the Second World War such was Lloyd George in its predecessor.

Yet there was one great difference between the two men; Churchill was weak in statesmen, and strong in generals, while with Lloyd George the position was reversed; in respect of admirals and airmen there was little to choose. On almost every page of the volume before us is proof of the nakedness of the land where first-class statesmanship is concerned, and in the matter of colleagues Mr. Churchill was on a par with Chatham and the younger Pitt. On the other hand Lloyd George could command the services of some of the leading men of the century. Compare, for example, Milner, Curzon, Balfour, F. E. Smith, Austen Chamberlain, and Churchill himself, with some of the transient and embarrassed phantoms whose names appear in these pages, and upon whom their author had to rely. Nor is this all, for the political genius of Lloyd George's day was by no means exhausted by those who formed his ministry, for his measures were subject to the informed criticism of an Opposition led by men of the calibre of Asquith, Grey, McKenna, Runciman, and Simon.

By contrast Churchill was far happier in his commanders in the field, for Alexander, Montgomery, and Wavell are names comparable with Clive, Wolfe, Moore, and Wellington, and it can hardly be disputed that the British generals of the First World War were not in the same category. The younger Pitt was fortunate in having the services of Nelson, but he was, as we have seen, equally unfortunate in having to face Napoleon, for neither his father, Lloyd George nor Churchill had to deal with a foe of the stature of the Corsican.

SUCH are a few of the considerations to which Mr. Churchill's latest volume gives rise. It is not, nor does it pretend to be, the final word upon the subject of which it treats; but it forms no inconsiderable part of the quarry from which future historians will have to hew their facts.

To say this is no disparagement of Mr. Churchill's book, as the author would be the first to admit. We are too near the First World War, let alone the Second, to appraise it in any detail. That it represented an important milestone in British history will generally be conceded, but even now we are not quite certain whether it was the Peloponnesian War of modern Europe, though with every day that passes there is increasing reason to fear that such was indeed the case. It is, too, more than likely that future generations may compare the long struggle between England and Germany in the twentieth century with that between Rome and Persia in the sixth and seventh, and will declare that just as the earlier conflict left both Powers exhausted, and thus a prey to the new menace of Islam, so did the later prepare a weakened Europe for the onslaught of Russia and Communism. The Kremlin may yet prove to be the *tertius gaudens* of the Second World War.

These things are on the knees of the gods, and the consideration of them was far from the mind of Mr. Churchill when he wrote this, his second volume, but it is a tribute to his work that they should arise in the perusal of it. The pessimist, as he lays the book down, will declare that the effect of disasters, and modern war is a disaster, is cumulative. Each invasion of the barbarians left the Roman Empire weaker until finally it could stand no more, although in its prime it would have recked little of Goth or Vandal. So with modern Britain and total war. The effect of the second was much more than twice that of the first, and a third, which she has neither the wisdom nor the power to prevent, would be the end. The optimist, on the other hand, will reply that the resilience displayed in the summer of 1940 is proof that Britain still enjoys remarkable powers of recuperation which may yet falsify the prophets of gloom. Both schools of thought will look to this volume for argument to support their particular thesis, and in so doing both will attest its indispensability to the historian.

SWORDER AND AMORIST

GREAT VILLIERS: A STUDY OF GEORGE VILLIERS, SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. By Hester W. Chapman. *Secker and Warburg.* 18*s. net.*

THE second and last George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was an extraordinary personage. His genius was almost universal: poet, satirist, dramatist, philosopher, scientist, statesman, orator, diplomatist, courtier, soldier; he was, too (like the old French sonneteer), "a sworder and an amorist". He possessed every accomplishment and every gift that nature and fortune can bestow upon their elect; yet has this man, "with the figure and genius of Alcibiades",* been accounted by historians as nothing but a splendid failure. But what is meant by failure?

Buckingham, living, was a prime favourite with the ladies; and little wonder, for "he inherited from his father the greatest title, and from his mother the greatest estate of any subject in England; and from both so graceful a body, as gave lustre to the ornaments of his mind, and made him the glory of the English Court at home and abroad".† His personality continues to exercise its fascination: his only two full-length biographers have been ladies: Winifred Lady Burghclere (in 1903) and Mrs. Chapman (in 1949).

The image of Buckingham presented in both these *Lives*, and in the many studies of the Duke, written by celebrated pens, is, however, confusing. Confusion is, indeed, inevitable to any study of Buckingham that pursues a strict chronology in relation to his career. He was (as Dryden described him):

> "A man so various that he seem'd to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

His activities in any period of his life were so multiform as to compel anyone, who would follow his vagaries consecutively, to jump hither and thither to the bewilderment of the reader.

Having (as we think unwisely) adopted the usual biographical scheme, Mrs. Chapman has nevertheless written a book that will satisfy the most of her readers. She has worked laboriously through a mass of literature; she has availed herself well of Lord Jersey's courtesy in placing at her disposal Buckingham's manuscript Commonplace Book; she has done justice to the Duke's championship of freedom of speech and conscience; and she has appreciated the excellence of his famous comedy, *The Rehearsal* (which was the model of Sheridan's, *The Critic*). Moreover, in the modern mode, she has delved into the dubious gossip of the times, which she cites often to the discredit of her hero: but had not Buckingham II enough on the debit side of his account, without deducing from hints worse things than his worst enemies accused him of? "The world has been severe in censuring his foibles, but not so just in noting his good qualities," observed his first and only contemporary biographer, Brian Fairfax.

The high qualities of Buckingham's lyric and elegiac poetry (modelled on his friend Cowley) Mrs. Chapman has failed to perceive. Not unjustly did Brian Fairfax entitle his slender study, *The Life of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the celebrated Poet.* In one notable epigram the Duke inspired Pope with immortal lines.

Of another matter of profound importance Mrs. Chapman, like Lady Burghclere before her, is unaware. We refer to Buckingham's serious study of the occult sciences. His knowledge forewarned him of the attempt on his life by Abraham Goodman in 1663. Both Buckingham and Lauderdale were certainly Adepts, and the "Cabal" ministry a group of *Cabalists*—of Illuminati—as have been so many political bodies before and after. Buckingham, in the seventeenth century, played the same rôle as Bulwer Lytton in the nineteenth, as a Rosicrucian leader.

The Duke's Iconography has not here been attempted. What a pity! for he was a splendid figure. The portraits produced, with two

* Horace Walpole: *Royal & Noble Authors.*
† Brian Fairfax: *Life of the Duke of Buckingham.*

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additions (one in infancy) are the same as Lady Burghclere's. The finest portraits of Buckingham in his prime are overlooked: the magnificent painting by Wright at Heron Court; the noble picture in Le Brun's manner at Longleat; the beautiful Verelst at Middleton Park. But much worse than any omission is the inclusion of a description of the "bogus" portrait group in the National Gallery. This fine picture by Van Dyck does not represent the Duke and Lord Francis. These prognathous youths bear no resemblance to the beautiful Villiers brothers. They are actually two of the sons of the Duke of Lenox. It exposed this error positively in my article, "A Misnamed Portrait Group in the National Gallery": *The Connoisseur*, April 1937.

One more remark is imperative: Mrs. Chapman quotes among Buckingham's poems a glowing eulogy of Felton, which Briscoe, the editor of his *Works* (1715), expressly declares to be a "copy, inadvertently put in, which certainly was never written by his Grace . . . for what man in his senses can believe that the Duke of Buckingham would write a commendatory epitaph upon a furious enthusiast that assassinated his father"? Those foolish lines were probably written by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

CHARLES RICHARD CAMMELL.

A RELIGIOUS SCIENTIST

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG: SCIENTIST AND MYSTIC. By Signe Toksvig. *Faber*. 30*s*.

IN the title to this book, and elsewhere, Swedenborg is called mystic, but whether he should be correctly so described will depend on what is understood by that word, and it may be quite right that his name does not appear in the index of Aldous Huxley's *Perennial Philosophy*, for although at the age of fifty-six he had a vision when he believed he saw Christ "face to face", and He said to him "Well then act", this did not follow any dedication to achieve union with the divine reality, nor was it followed by any pursuit of that reality whose achievement is more properly defined as mystic experience.

Swedenborg was pre-eminently a scientist. His natural bent for this study was reinforced by reaction against the religion of his father, a Lutheran bishop, who regarded the report of calves having been born at Gothenburg with curious locks on their heads as God's personal protest against certain fashions in women's coiffure of which the Bishop disapproved, and who ascribed his singular success in life to God's personal interest in his welfare, the Bishop being hardly the man whom an ethical deity would favour.

As a scientist, Swedenborg devised pumps and siphons, planned a ship "which with a one man crew could go under the sea in any desired direction", and planned a flying machine with the means available in the eighteenth century, as well as an important means of ascertaining longitude. In astronomy he anticipated the speculations of Laplace and others, saying that the planets had originated from solar matter and that the milky way was similar to other systems. He even anticipated recent physics, surmising that matter was ultimately an expression of energy, deriving this view from his study of magnetic fields. But if, as an imaginative scientist, he may be compared with Leonardo, he was neither artist nor imaginative writer, although his devotion to science itself was actuated by a religious impulse. "God is Order", he said, and set out to discover the connection between soul and body. He resigned his important position on the Swedish Board of Mines to study anatomy in Paris, where he made revolutionary discoveries in the nerve system and hoped to locate the position in the brain of the soul, which he deemed to act in a strictly orderly manner from the embryo stage onwards in life—and after life on earth, when he came to communicate with the departed. Such communication began about the time of his vision, when he also began his volumes of automatic writing, which produced principally an interpretation of the Old Testament

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as an allegory of the teachings of the Gospels. This had the true marks of automatic writing, in that when he came to read what he had penned he was often deeply distressed to find much intense abuse of the patriarchs; also it has been found that the automatic script is in a handwriting quite different from Swedenborg's, and here Miss Toksvig expounds the theories of Mr. Whatley Carrington on this subject and others investigated by psychical research. Although he produced most of the phenomena of the trance state, Swedenborg was probably unique as a conscious medium. After 1745, he seems to have spent as much time conversing with the dead as with the living. At least one such conversation cannot be susceptible to telepathic explanation, but in general his conversations were of the uninteresting sort recorded in Lord Dowding's books. Like Lord Dowding, Swedenborg reports that the departed often have to be told that they have "died", and in many other ways what he has recorded is very similar to the accounts given in *Many Mansions* and *Lichgate*. Whatever be the reason, spiritualism has done little more than provide comforting evidence that personal survival is maintained. Swedenborg continued up to the end to show great practical ability, and was highly valued by the Swedish premier for his financial advice. He regarded hell rather as internal suffering inflicted by the self than as an external punishment, here as in many other matters showing an affinity with Hindu philosophy. He strongly repudiated the solofideist basis of Lutheranism, supporting the more conative aspect of personal salvation, which the Catholic Church came to emphasize after the Reformation; indeed, while he wholly rejects the doctrine of the atonement, more especially the idea of vicarious sacrifice, his theology may be interpreted with less violence to Catholic than to Protestant doctrine.

These are but a few of the aspects of Swedenborg's teaching touched on by Miss Toksvig in her illuminating book. Her profound learning on all the varied matters on which his thought touches has also enabled her to consider it in relation to other thinkers, while biographically she gives an entrancing account of Swedenborg the man as well as an entertaining picture of his curiously unattractive father.

BRIAN LUNN.

STALIN

STALIN: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By I. Deutscher. *Oxford University Press.* pp. 600. 25*s. net.*

STALIN'S RUSSIA. By Suzanne Labin, translated by Edward Fitzgerald. *Gollancz.* pp. 492. 21*s. net.*

MR. DEUTSCHER'S "Stalin" is the most important political study of the Soviet Union that has appeared in English since W. H. Chamberlin's "History of the Russian Revolution". Mr. Chamberlin has not been surpassed as the historian of the revolution and of the civil wars. Mr. Deutscher has, by the book now published, made himself the principal analyst and exponent of the subsequent period, which is dominated by the figure of Stalin.

In assessing the merits and demerits of the two great rivals, Stalin and Trotski, Mr. Deutscher is penetrating and impartial. If we were to judge Stalin by his articles and speeches, we should think him coarse and stupid. Coarse he certainly is, but not stupid. Mr. Deutscher demonstrates the craft and the realism which impart significance to some of Stalin's crudest and most platitudinous utterances. It is astonishing that even Trotski, with all his experience of men, his sometime piercing intelligence, and his deep distrust of Stalin, should have been unaware of his rival's most formidable qualities. Even Lenin, who respected and trusted Stalin at first, did not understand him until it was too late. Had Lenin lived a few years longer, Stalin might never have become master of the Soviet Union.

Mr. Deutscher's analysis of the famous trials and purges is masterly. It is written *sine ira et studio*. What was incredible and incomprehensible to so many, becomes, in his pages, credible and comprehensible.

Mr. Deutscher demonstrates Stalin's great gifts as a leader in war. Although he had never been a soldier, he was a better strategist than Hitler because he had more common sense. Although indisputably in command, he listened to the advice of his generals and did not wreck sound schemes by sudden and arbitrary interventions.

Mr. Deutscher's chapters on the diplomacy that engendered the present settlement of Europe (if it can be called a settlement) are not equal to his previous chapters. Perhaps it is too soon to write with authority on this particular subject.

His book has some minor blemishes. A deep knowledge of history is needed to draw significant comparisons between our own era and past eras. Mr. Deutscher's references to Luther, Cromwell, and the French Revolution are unilluminating. He seems to share the common error of supposing that the French Revolution brought Feudalism to an end. Feudalism came to an end about five hundred years before the outbreak of the French Revolution. Mr. Deutscher's reference to the three Baltic States as having "comic-opera police régimes" is gratuitous and rather ignoble. Estonia, in particular, was a contented country and far better governed than the Soviet Union.

Mme. Labin's book is of a different order. Mr. Deutscher's main purpose is to record, analyse, and expound. Mme. Labin judges. She does so in the great humanitarian tradition of her country. She has a vigorous style and has found an excellent translator in Mr. Fitzgerald. In her preface, she draws a distinction which is insufficiently recognized in our day, the distinction between "objectivity" and "neutrality". She is objective, but not neutral.

Her indictment, not of a nation, but of those who dominate the life of a nation, is

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terrible. Some of her conclusions are as astonishing as they are convincing—what she writes is supported by abundant and detailed evidence, drawn largely from official Russian sources. She shows us, for example, that the Russian people are worse fed and worse housed than they were under the last of the Tsars. They have far less freedom. They were always oppressed, but never so horribly as they are to-day. Their art and letters, music and science sank low as Stalin mounted high. Their new masters are brutish as well as brutal, coarse and vulgar, as well as cruel. Their sacrifices and sufferings, even before the war, are unparalleled. And what for? What have the Russian people gained?

The answer is Nothing! What is enthroned in Russia—as it was in Germany—is absolute nihilism. The evidence that this is so will be found in Mme. Labin's great book.

F. A. VOIGT.

Novels

THE LITTLE SISTER. Raymond Chandler. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

CHIT OF A GIRL. Simenon. *Routledge.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

GREEN GROWS THE RUSHES. Howard Clewes. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

THE WOMAN OF ROME. Alberto Moravia. *Secker and Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY. Nigel Dennis. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

THE RIVER LINE. Charles Morgan. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE theory that the popular novel displays its country's *moeurs* better than the more conscious literary effort is supported by the first three titles on my list, American, French and English respectively. Raymond Chandler, who like Simenon has recently become something of a literary cult, has never written anything more devastating than *The Little Sister*. The rapid action, the cutting dialogue, the corpses and the lovelies are all here but the sordidness, avarice and dirt behind the Californian sunshine seems more deliberately exposed. No satirist has debunked the Hollywood vision more mercilessly. In the character of Philip Marlowe the private investigator, with no morals, no relations, no friends and no bank balance, no background except a dingy office with a gun and a quart of whisky in the desk drawer, he has created a key type of *homo Americanus*, one of the most popular export models.

SIMENON'S publishers have enclosed two perfect cameos of French realism in the volume entitled *Chit of a Girl*. The first story is about a plain, shabby little creature with an irresistible will, determined to achieve her own security without sacrificing anything except other people. The spectacle of this will in action is so fascinating that the reader feels a kind of hypnosis. The second story is set on the Riviera in the unfashionable season, when only the lower grade of hawk descends to pluck the inferior pigeons. The unglamorized reality of professional knavery is an atmosphere which Simenon retails with complete success, he is the least sentimental of writers yet the most sordid of his creatures has a humanity which Chandler seems deliberately to exclude.

NOTHING could be more perfectly good natured and good tempered than Mr. Howard Clewes's comedy *Green Grows the Rushes* in which a posse of officials from one of our Ministries gets involved with a gang of smugglers off the coast of Kent. The episodes of the story are admirably timed and presented, it plays on every one of our national predilections, it is plainly and simply very good fun. Except for one faintly sinister official, there isn't a really unpleasant person in the book.

ALBERTO MORAVIA boldly meets criticism of his book *The Woman of Rome* by stating in a foreword why he has provided

his heroine, who tells her own story, with a literary idiom which she would not have commanded. A too faithful reproduction of illiterate speech is tiresome, nevertheless we cannot escape from the feeling that Adriana is being "presented". She is a simple, life-loving creature, the only daughter of an embittered harridan of a mother who is quite prepared to direct her daughter's luscious physical charms to casual prostitution, a career for which Adriana, who is incapable of driving a bargain, is constitutionally unfitted. The book gives a solid and convincing picture of lower-class life in Rome under the Fascist régime, it is revealing on the essentially pragmatic nature of Italian morality, but Adriana is not given the qualities which can dominate a novel, and her student lover is a literary figment.

NIGEL DENNIS'S *Boys and Girls Come Out to Play* is described as a satirical adventure story. The author's target is Max Divver, a type of "progressive" American journalist whom we knew rather too well in the thirties, the omniscient commentator on European affairs. Max Divver, who has gained renown as "the Man who was rude to Mussolini" is sent to Poland in the summer of 1939 by the wealthy Mrs. Morgan, the proprietor of his newspaper *Forward*. Her son Jimmy, a neurotic who seeks a "father substitute" in Divver, insists on going with him. There are some good comic scenes, the one where young Jimmy, carefully dressed for his first amatory adventure in a foreign city, is held up to listen to one of Divver's wallowings in self-analysis, the tourists setting off to present the elusive mayor with the money that they have collected towards the evacuation funds, Divver's conversion to the gospel of honest labour, Mrs. Streeter seducing Jimmy and cutting him afterwards. There is also a mounting sense of doom as the Germans move in towards the city decorated for carnival and the tourists flee. The end is

The *Daily Mail* Book of the Month. A Book Society Recommendation

DICKENS

His Character, Comedy and Career

By HESKETH PEARSON

"As you have done Shakespeare and Shaw, are you not bound to do Dickens?" said Bernard Shaw to Hesketh Pearson in December, 1942. "Anybody but Dickens will be a come down after Shakespeare and G.B.S." Mr. Pearson replied that he had frequently meditated on Dickens as a biographical subject. This book is the result of his meditations. It is the work of one who has loved the novels of Dickens from boyhood.

In its pages Dickens *the Man*, as friend, lover, husband, father, actor, editor, reformer, entertainer, producer, critic, creator, lives again with the electric vitality which amazed his age and made him the outstanding phenomenon of literature.

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violent action of an unexpected kind and Jimmy goes back alone to America, cured, grown-up and the sole possessor of the truth about Max Divver. This is a most stimulating book.

CHARLES MORGAN'S *The River Line*, recalled to me, not to its advantage, one of Conrad's short stories of the first World War, where a sea captain who became suspicious of a neutral ship forced its skipper to make a choice which would if he were innocent condemn him to death. There is a superb piece of narration in which the man tells his story in a slowly darkening room, his agony and his misgivings are communicated unforgettably to the reader. *The River Line* commands neither this simplicity nor this urgency; it is a piece of high-toned cross talk between two men and three women concerning an adventure in France during the war, when one of them shot a companion they had come to suspect. A number of good remarks are made in a rarefied intellectual atmosphere all very far removed from the dust, heat and pain of life.

RUBY MILLAR.

Short Notices

FANTASTICAL

COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY. By Sean O'Casey. *Macmillan and Co. Ltd. 6s.*

THE front garden outside a farmer's house in Ireland may be the whole wide world or it may be a front garden in which fantastical events occur with considerable but only local symbolism. Whether microcosmic or face value, O'Casey gives us a rich slice of dramatic living, with perhaps a somewhat suspect philosophy.

He would appear to claim that life should be joyful and that if it isn't one must go elsewhere to secure happiness. He chooses to ignore the possibility of joy as an interior quality, not dependent on surroundings. The happy few, seekers after joyfulness, leave for "a place where life resembles life more than it does here" and the farmer is told, "Die; there is little else left useful for the likes of you to do".

But the play contains enough of everything to fill half a dozen West End comedies, and to spare. The richness of the humour (with not one but two spirituous brothers to Joxer Daly of immortal memory), the mixture of fantasy and cynical realism, the careless beauty of spontaneous poetry, the dextrous dramatic contrivance—all these and more beside go to make delicious exhilarating, entertaining and satisfying reading. Though Ireland be now parted from us by more than the sea, surely such a play as this remains a part of our National Theatre, even while holding its permanent place in the theatre of the world.

JOHN V. TREVOR.

ANTHOLOGIZING

THE LONDON BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE AND THE LONDON BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE. Selected and Ordered by Herbert Read and Bonamy Dobrée. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.* and 10*s.* 6*d.*

ANTHOLOGIES are, in general, a mixed blessing, provocative of excitement and disappointment alike. So many good friends are expected at the gathering, and so many fail to appear, or do so unsuitably clad and not up to their usual form.

Yet these two volumes will surely appeal to everyone concerned with English Literature, from the student to the most casual quotation-hunter. The compilers, aware of a "shifting of sensibility" in poetic values during the last half-century, have enlarged the scope of their verse anthology from the "chiefly lyrical" to include the Narrative, Contemplative and Satirical.

Both books are arranged in accordance with the subject matter and intentions of the writers; a method which is original and interesting, though sometimes arbitrary.

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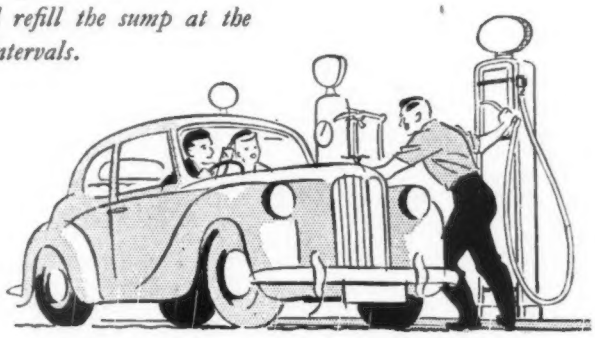

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was a little puzzled, for example, to find Milton's "On Shakespeare" among the metaphysicals; nor can one consider the "Song of Songs" pathetic. On the other hand it is delightful that "Alice" and Boswell should have won places among the scientists and philosophers.

Especially welcome is the proper representation of Campion, Jonson and Emily Brontë among the poets; and of the great letter-writers among the lords of prose. In the choice of later poems it is natural and essential that "personal idiosyncrasy" should play a large part; but though one may unwillingly concur in the sentence of exclusion passed upon so many of the "Georgians" for "imprecise emotion", one cannot surely accuse so robust and fiery a sonneteer as Belloc of "pathological sentimentality"

While the lay-out and indexing of both volumes are admirable, the elucidation of contents in the Book of Verse might, with advantage, be placed at the head of each section, or possibly before the opening of Book I.

Anthologizing is a literary luxury, but these books provide so much pleasure and so much instruction that envy is swallowed up in admiration for the labour, knowledge and fine taste displayed.

U. R. Coote.

IN PRAISE OF SHAKESPEARE

A Life of Shakespeare. By Hesketh Pearson. *Carroll and Nicholson. 9s. 6d.*

THE impulse of this book is disclosed in its author's autobiographical introduction, where he states "For me Shakespeare's works alone would have made life worth living; so I am writing about something I love as much as life". It is a lover's testament, the book of a man who has found in Shakespeare a guide to understanding of life and who has used his experience of life to enrich his understanding of Shakespeare. It is in this relation of Shakespeare, who understood men and the world they lived in so deeply and prophetically that scarcely a situation can arise which he does not clarify, to the needs of ordinary men and women, that Hesketh Pearson has triumphantly achieved his intention of supplying a book for the man in the street that should include "all the undoubted facts about Shakespeare, and all the reasonable inferences". Many longer books have been written about single plays, but here the plays in sequence are shown as the outcome of Shakespeare's continuing growth, springing from moods, from states of health, from new experience, from richer development. As Shakespeare throughout retained his wonder at the mystery of living, a wonder increasing as he saw into the mystery more deeply and expressed it more completely, so Mr. Pearson approaches each play with renewed wonder at the miracle of Shakespeare, marvelling, and finding it enough, that such things may be. The frontispiece shows us how Shakespeare looked; the text how he lived and worked; and the concluding brief anthology reveals his very spirit.

Basil Harvey.

YEATS.

W. B. Yeats: Man and Poet. By A. Norman Jeffares. *Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.*

THIS is an important book. Mr. Jeffares has had access to Yeats's manuscripts and unpublished diaries and considerable help from Mrs. Yeats, Madame Maud Gonne MacBride and many of Yeats's friends. His model biography is massively annotated and preserves much information which might otherwise be lost. As a man Yeats was odd and, despite his political ambitions, not particularly effective; Mr. Jeffares is right in concentrating on his poetry, closely relating each poem or group of poems to its external stimulus, the poet's reading at the time of

composition and the point reached in the development of his ideas. He is enough of a hero-worshipper to enter sympathetically into Yeats's enthusiasms and enough of an Irishman to view his more ludicrous extravagances with amused detachment.

The omnivorous and curious reading from which Yeats constructed his unco-ordinated thought-words lies at the back of many poems apparently simple and balladic. Mr. Jeffares illuminates this background and gives depth and richness to many of the early poems as well as resolving many of the difficulties of the later ones. Yeats's deliberate creation of a major poet out of a minor one was an extraordinary feat and this biography is, perhaps, most interesting in documenting that triumph of will. Mr. Jeffares, a good but retiring critic, might have devoted more attention to examining Yeats's diction and metre. Some verbal examination of the poems was needed to complete his study of the abstract ideas and psychological states they embody.

R. G. G. PRICE.

DANCING BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN.

THE ROSE AND THE STAR. By P. W. Manchester and Iris Morley. *Gollancz*. 16*s*.

THIS book compares ballet in England and Russia; it is exciting because there is so little knowledge here of what ballet is like in Russia, and Miss Morley has some facts and some photographs to give us. She was in Russia from 1943-1947, she studied dancing till she was fifteen in England, she took lessons with Morsolova in Moscow to investigate differences in technique. Here is someone who has a right to speak; with this equipment the book ought to be more important—cooler and clearer—than it is.

"The privileges of a Russian ballerina or *premier danseur* are not, as has sometimes been suggested, on a Hollywood film-star level.

We record with some pleasure that the number of families in which it is almost a tradition to bank with the Westminster grows with each succeeding generation. It would seem that young people find in the services of the Westminster Bank some quality which is especially attractive to them and this, we believe, may well be the knowledge that the Bank extends the same friendly welcome to all its customers, whether their accounts be large or small. The Manager of your local branch will be glad to tell you how the Westminster Bank can help those whose careers are just starting.

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His or her salary will be anything between about £40 and £60 a month . . . A ballerina's privileges may include a small flat of her own, though when I left Russia, Semyonova, certainly the second ballerina in the whole Soviet Union, was living in one room with her small daughter"—I should have liked more of this sort of thing and more about Russian culture of the *back* (the carriage of the spine—that vital part of a dancer's equipment), instead of the long synopses of Soviet ballets.

The writing is informal, sometimes sloppy. On page 29 we have an indignant denial of "what is often said in this country"—that Russian dancers are technically good but lack expression (not facial expression, but poetry and musicality) but Miss Morley's defence makes the vague charge appear better authenticated than usual. The criticism of English hands and arms is not borne out by the photographs in the book—the English dancers hands look particularly happy, but the crudeness of some of the Russian hands (for instance, Mme. Semyonova in *Raymonda*) would have horrified Maestro Cecchetti or Nicolas Legat—great Russian teachers whose style and standards are remembered in London.

Miss Manchester's final assessment of Sadler's Wells, after all criticism ("heart-felt admiration, love and pride"), the respect for the Ballet Rambert, her remarks on Pavlova, on the lamentable de Basil season of 1947, on the male dancer in England, on baby-ballerinas,—all this is excellent sense, and Miss Morley's revelations are unique. In short, read it.

VIVIENNE BENNETT.

GREAT DRAUGHTSMEN

THE MAGIC OF LINE. By Percy V. Bradshaw. *Studio Publications Ltd.* 15*s. net.*

DRAWING, as the author of this book reminds us, is older than handwriting. It is, moreover, the basis of painting and nothing reveals more clearly the genius or shortcoming of painter than the evidence to be found in their sketch books.

Apologists for the work of some modern painters are apt to assert that their heroes are essentially fine draughtsmen. Picasso, Matisse and several of our own "moderns" are frequently described as such. Comparison between their efforts and the illustrations in Mr. Bradshaw's book is hardly necessary but it should be made by any who suffer from the same form of myopia.

This charmingly produced volume which fully maintains the high standards of *Studio* publications should send many laymen and artists, in Mr. Bradshaw's wake, to the treasure houses of the Print Rooms at The British Museum and South Kensington. We are indeed rich in the possession of innumerable examples of fine drawings of all periods and countries.

Mr. Bradshaw sets himself a big task; to review drawing from the prehistoric period of the Altamira and Font-de-Gaume caves to the time of Degas. In the compass of 110 pages he gives the reader a useful introduction to a vast and fascinating subject. This text is lucid and communicates much of his own enthusiasm for the art of drawing. His choice of illustrations has wisely eschewed hackneyed examples of the artists concerned.

SYDNEY J. MAIDEN.

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